HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
VOL. XXVI.—No. 1355.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.
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$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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CHRISTMAS-TIME TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Fragments from the Diary of Richard Pennyworth, Esq.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

DECEMBER 23, 1686.—Brought with me to the office to-day the papers concerning the Duke, which Mr. Pepys desired me to copy. Comes Mr. Pepys to me att the office, and having taken the Duke's papers, for which he mightily thanked me, tells me that my uncle hath desired report of me every yeare, which he hath sent, and that a fair one, and that I doe my duty well. After saying all this, which doe mightily please me, read me a letter which he held in his hand, from my uncle, in which Sir John doth aske me down to Hawthorne Manor. My uncle doth hold great state there, though he did but buy the estate, which was sequestered during the troublous times of the Commonwealth, it belonging to Sir Gilbert Courtley, whose sonne, Sir Gilbert, doth strutt it soe bravely, though penniless, att the court.

Did think, as I walked to the office this morning, of how much I had for to bee thankful of, my first yeare's service in the office being done. I doe know well how much my uncle did hate my poore father, and would hardly speake or hold commerce with my mother after she had married him, though I remember spending a week, when about fourteen years old, at the Hawes, where my uncle then lived. Yett I doe love him not, not only because he treated my poore father soe ill, butt because he changed soe smoothly from Commonwealth to King when the tyde turned, which my poore father never would have done, though he had gained thereby as much as my uncle hath done. Yett am I truly grateful to him for having got me my place, though it was butt little for him to doe to speake to Mr. Pepys and get me it; and am mightily gladd too for the weekes holiday that Mr. Pepys hath given me.

Spake to my friend Mr. David Turnpenny of getting to Hawthorne Manor, who offered me his horse for the travel down to the country. The family hath been kind to me all this yeare that I have lodged with them, and are well to doe, for I saw the Duke's man Mr. Morton come for his Highnesses watche only two days ago, and I heare that Mr. Turnpenny doth regulate these trinkets well. I think they would like me to make up to Mistress Peggy. Shee is mightily pretty, but, Lord! what should a poore clerke doe to marry upon £70 a yeare?

Mistress Peggy giggled as I talked to her father; said that Mr. Pennyworth would scarce look upon his old friends when he had come back from his fine relations. It doth make me mad to be soe tagged on to other people's skirts. I doe not like Mistress Peggy when shee doth talk soe.

My newe clothes have come home from the taylor's, and doe fitt me in fine shape. Find that, beside money for to go to the Manor, I have enough to buy me a new velvet strap for my sworde, which I doe sett great store by, being my poore father's. Comes Mistress Turnpenny for to help me packe some clothes for to take down to the country with me.

Found Mistress Peggy with red eyes, which shee sayd shee had from slicing onions for to stuff the Christmas goose. I kissed her, for I can not beare to see her sad. I do remember a man once say that a man could live as cheape with a wyfe as without. But, Lord! £70 a year! After supper, and having written these things, to bedd. The skye looks threatening for snowe.

December 24.—Came Mr. Turnpenny and waked me early. Found the weather colde, and snowe upon the ground, which is still falling. After breakfast was done, spent some time in furbishing upp my clothes, etc. Oiled a pistol that belonged to my poore father, and which is somewhat olde, being a wheel-locke piece, yett fitt to defend me from robbers, many of whom I doe hear are about on Ratcliffe Highway. Comes a fellow from the office with a letter from Mr. Pepys saying that my cousin Will Overbrook and a friend will meet me at the Blue Boar Inn, which is some tenn miles from the Manor, and will take me with them there.

About tenn o'clock comes the nagg to the doore, soe presently out and mounted, feeling myself bigg with importance; for Mistress Peggy and her mother did watch me, as did the linen-draper's and the locksmith's from over the streete. Came Mr. Turnpenny with a stirrup-cup of spiced wine, which was very—

[The MS. journal in some places, such as the present, becomes so nearly obliterated as to render it impossible to decipher. Such points will hereafter be simply marked by asterisks. The journal is resumed as follows:]

—he came galloping down a by-way—an ill-favoured wretch, whose looks I liked but ill, for many people are robbed and murthered hereabouts. He asked me whether I was not afeard to ride alone and in such weather; but I answered him boldly, and told him no, and that here was that which would defend me, shewing him my pistol beneathe my cloake. He sayd nothing more, and presently left me. These poore wretches are but sorry villains, and care not to do with a man of mettle, but women or those riding in coaches. Saw many gallows along the way. What a pitty it is that they should hang thieves in such publick places!

Nigh Wattling Cross my nagg cast a shoe, soe that I was forced to—

* * * * * * * * * *

[The] smith was a jolly fellow. Soe departed, much warmed

[*Continued on page* 780.]

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE SQUIRE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published December 5, contains Part I. of a most interesting story by MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT, *entitled "A Christmas Dream, and How It Came True." There is a thrilling tale of circus life by* EDWARD I. STEVENSON, *entitled "The Elephant-Keeper's Story." The serial story "Nan," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *continues to gain in interest as the plot develops.*

MRS. HELEN S. CONANT *contributes an entertaining as well as instructive article, entitled "Boy Life on the Nile," accompanied by an engraving from* F. A. BRIDGMAN'S *painting, "An Egyptian Child and Goat." "The Spectres of the Light-House" is an interesting article, by* MR. ARTHUR LINDSLEY, *on the wild sea-birds that dash themselves to death against the light-houses on our coast.* SHERWOOD RYSE *contributes one of his interesting articles on games, entitled "Foot-ball Facts and Fancies."*

The illustrations of this Number are varied and attractive. Among the artists represented are MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, W. L. SHEPHERD, C. D. WELDON, F. LINDNER, *and* S. MCSPEDON.

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

CONGRESS.

IT is unfortunate that the Congress which meets this week is not that which was elected in November. But the action of the present Congress should be governed by the plain intimation of the election. That election, by consent of the Democrats themselves, did not show a preference of Democratic policy, for none such is known, but it did show strong disapproval of much that has been done under Republican auspices, and largely by this very Congress. Republican acquiescence in the enormous surplus, the unprecedented river and harbor appropriations, instead of a resolute reduction of taxation, the contempt lavished upon the least suggestion of reform in the civil service, and Republican silence upon the HUBBELL assessments, were among the chief causes of discontent, and they are full of warning and instruction for those who are capable of learning. But the situation requires in Congress a wise and vigorous leadership, of which the experience of last year gives little promise. There is a very profound difference between a statesman and a politician, but the House leaders seem to be mainly of the latter kind. They hold that everything which is done should be so done as to help the party. But they are unable to see that nothing helps a party so surely as measures conceived in the public interest. The trouble with politicians who are always grovelling in their speeches and conversation before the dear "people," and canting about the "people's money" and the "people's interest," is that they despise the people, and think that words of flattery, accompanied with intrigue and corruption and audacity, will impose their will upon the country.

The late election, like many similar events, should undeceive them. The people have vindicated both their intelligence and their courage. They have disapproved in the most emphatic manner the course of the last session of Congress. If it be replied that no such conclusion can be drawn from the result of the election, we answer that no party in control of Congress whose course was satisfactory to the country would have lost the next Congress unless the theory of our system is unsound. If the country wished a great surplus, and extravagant appropriations, and war taxation, and political assessments, and prostitution of the civil service to a party benefit, it would have sustained the party which, as the majority party in Congress, was responsible for all these things. If there be anything whatever intelligible in our politics, or any meaning to be discovered in an election, nothing can be plainer than that the significance of this year's voting was a tremendous Republican rebuke of Republican mismanagement.

If that be so, the duty of Congress at the present session is obvious. The situation proves that persistence in the general course of the last session upon the subjects that we have mentioned would be fatal to the party of the majority. The Republican Congress has been warned by its own party, even if Mr. FOLGER received a majority of the Republican vote in New York and Mr. BEAVER in Pennsylvania. The question has been asked whether a party should yield to its own minority. But there is no such question. The only inquiry is whether the Republican Congress will take the only course which will tend to restore the confidence of the country in Republican ascendency. There is no doubt that the country prefers Republican to Democratic control, but not if Republicanism means such management and measures as have been lately seen. The Message of the President, therefore, and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury will be awaited with great interest, and they will have been generally read when this paper appears. It is to be hoped that they will propose a distinct policy upon each one of the really prominent questions before the country. Of course we do not expect that either President or Secretary will renounce any accepted principle of their party. But every honest Republican has a right to expect that they will show that the evident wishes of the country are in entire harmony with Republican sentiment. Extravagance in public expenditure, unnecessary taxation, an unjust tariff, and the spoils system are not Republican in any legitimate sense, although ignorant and inadequate management may have seemed to make the party responsible for them. The President and the Secretary could do their party no greater service than to advise Congress to remove this stigma, and Congress could promote the public welfare, and therefore aid the party of its majority, in no way so surely as by following such advice.

REFORM LEGISLATION.

IT is not impossible that some legislation looking to reform in the civil service may be proposed in Congress at this session, and there is a general impression that much of the mischief of the present system may be remedied by a scheme of appointment of minor officers for "fixed terms," during which the incumbent shall be removable only for cause. A little reflection, however, will show the fallacy of this expectation. The fatal abuse of the power of appointment and removal has arisen since the terms were fixed for four years by the law of 1820. This law applied to district attorneys, collectors, and other disbursing officers, and its ostensible object was to promote official promptness and honesty by withholding re-appointments from the negligent and inefficient. But its real object, says JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who was then in the cabinet, "was to promote the election of W. H. CRAWFORD as President of the United States in 1825"; Mr. CRAWFORD was then Secretary of the Treasury. He drew the bill, and it was introduced in the Senate by one of his devoted adherents. President MONROE signed the bill unwarily. Mr. MADISON told him that he regarded it as unconstitutional, and the President was inclined to the same opinion. Mr. CALHOUN, the Secretary of War, saw and forcibly exposed the evil tendencies of the rapidly increasing Executive patronage, and declared the bill to be most dangerous, and sure to produce a revolution. President MONROE, that he might execute the law in the spirit of the Constitution and of WASHINGTON, adopted the rule of renominating every officer at the expiration of his term, unless misconduct or incompetency could be proved against him—a rule which his successor, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, also rigorouly observed.

This law of 1820, fixing the term of certain officers at four years, was subsequently applied to postmasters, and now includes the great body of subordinate officers in the civil service. It is the second great measure in the development of the spoils system, the first being the Congressional decision of 1789 which vested the absolute power of removal in the President. The real object of the law, as Mr. ADAMS says, was to secure to Mr. CRAWFORD the devotion of the incumbents and of the aspirants, and it was so far successful that it made them notoriously active partisans of the Secretary. Mr. BENTON truly says that the four years' law merely made the dismissal of faithful officers easier, because the expiration of the term was regarded as "the creation of a vacancy to be filled by new appointments." The law vacated almost every office in the service during an administration, and cleared the way for the President to wield the whole patronage of the government as a personal or party weapon. It stimulated intrigue and corruption to frenzy. By deepening the sense of dependence upon Executive favor to secure re-appointment, it encouraged abject servility to the appointing power. In 1835, Mr. CALHOUN, after a careful official survey of the results of the law, said that it had failed of its professed object, and added greatly to the influence of patronage. "Faithful performance of duty," he said, "no longer insures a renewal of appointment." The foresight of ADAMS, BENTON, and CALHOUN has been justified. The demoralization of opinion has now gone so far that at the last session of Congress Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of Ohio, actually declared that, although of 825 officers whose terms had expired the President had not re-appointed 397, or nearly fifty per cent., he could not be accused of many removals. Mr. BUTTERWORTH did not seem to be in the least aware that not to re-appoint an honest and competent officer is practically to remove him.

A fixed limited term was found to be so productive of abuse that Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CALHOUN both urged earnestly the repeal of the law of 1820 which established it. To add to the fixed term removal only for cause would be of little service in correcting the familiar evils, because "cause" must be determined by the appointing power, and it will be always found by a politician who for party or personal purposes wishes to make a vacancy to fill with a favorite. "Removal for cause" is a provision which can be made a really effective barrier to abuse only by destroying every inducement to an improper exercise of the power of removal, and the only reasonable security of a just exercise of the power of removal lies in annulling favoritism in appointments. Mr. CALHOUN sought a remedy in reducing the number of officers, and in requiring the consent of the Senate to remove. Others have sought it in making many national offices, especially Post-offices, elective. But the better and surer course is return to the constitutional tenure of good service, with the added security of which experience has shown the necessity—that of appointment, not by favor, but by proved merit. Repeal of the four years' act of 1820, and selection of subordinates by tests that exclude favoritism, are the measures which promise most certainly the relief which the country desires.

NOBODY GUILTY.

ON the 13th of last January the Chicago express, of some dozen passenger-cars, stopped about eight or nine miles from New York, at seven o'clock in the evening, on a sharp turn of the Hudson River Railroad near Spuyten Duyvil. Fourteen minutes later a train following at full speed was due at the very same spot. The situation was perfectly simple. The precautions to be taken were obvious. A company which did not provide them would be guilty of a negligence so criminal that no penalty would be too severe. But, nevertheless, nothing was done. The few minutes which gave ample time to warn the approaching train passed by. The train came rushing at full speed around the curve, crashed into the stationary train, two or three cars of which became at once a flaming pile of ruin, in which, amid inexpressible agony, six or eight persons were burned to death.

There was never a more wanton slaughter. The facts were known at the time to the passengers on the train. The man whose duty it was to signal the approaching train did not signal it. He went a short distance up the track, but not around the curve. He did not go far enough to be of service, and the catastrophe followed. Upon the trial the evidence was conclusive. The judge's charge was clear and convincing. But the jury went out, and returned with a verdict of not guilty.

Who, then, is guilty? For a deliberate massacre which it was the duty either of the conductor or of the brakeman to prevent, and which was entirely avoidable, there is apparently no punishment and no remedy. The criminal carelessness of somebody is evident. For the train of thirteen cars there were but two brakemen, and it is not clear that the company held any one person responsible for the train as a captain is held responsible for his ship. The trial reveals the fact that the management of one of the chief and most prosperous railroads in the country either leaves the safety of such a train to an overworked and poorly paid brakeman who can not read, or provides regulations which leave the real responsibility in doubt.

If the truth could be ascertained, it would probably appear that it was this conviction which led to the acquittal of the brakeman. The jury, conscious that the company was negligent, was doubtless resolved that a "poor ignorant brakeman," whose duties were apparently too many and too confused, should not be made the scape-goat by whose suffering public attention would be diverted from the real offenders. This was a great misconception both of duty and of consequences, for the punishment of the brakeman would not have relieved the company of the public odium arising from the conviction that the management of the road could very easily prevent the possibility of such terrible catastrophes.

THE RECENT DISMISSALS IN WASHINGTON.

THE dismissal of several officers at Washington, including the Postmaster of the city and the Marshal of the District, for alleged aid to the Star Route robbers, was made at the instance of the Attorney-General and of Mr. GEORGE BLISS, of the government counsel. The comment made upon the dismissal is that it should have been made long ago, when the facts were equally well known, and the present action is denounced in some quarters as a blow at the "GARFIELD Republicans." The Marshal evidently thinks that his removal is the penalty of his devotion to the late President.

But the conduct charged by Mr. BLISS and the Attorney-General is distinctly defined, and the proof is satisfactory to the President. It is very clear that the country would not believe the Government to be in earnest in the prosecutions, if government officers openly declared that the case was hopeless, and labored to make it so. The delay in removal may possibly be explained by the unwillingness of the President to act in cases involving the dismissal of particular friends of President GARFIELD until it was a public wrong to delay longer.

In all calculations of the political situation these Star Route trials must be taken into the account as a very important element. The Whiskey Ring and the BELKNAP exposures were very weighty political facts seven years ago. All such vast frauds upon the government are believed, not incorrectly, to require collusion upon the part of government officers, and the party in power is naturally held responsible. It is of the highest necessity that the "dead earnest" of the Government in such prosecutions, of which in

the present case Mr. BLISS declares himself to be perfectly sure, should be as thoroughly clear to the country, and the Administration may properly avail itself of every honest means of proving its good faith.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

THE great meeting at the Academy of Music, and the evident enthusiasm and interest of the vast audience, ought to be the earnest of the rapid completion of the subscription for the pedestal of the Colossus which the generous sympathy and admiration of Frenchmen have presented to this country. The parts of the orators were admirably adjusted. Mr. EVARTS, the chairman of the American committee, made a lucid, interesting, and eloquent statement of the circumstances of the gift and of the character of the work; Mr. DORSHEIMER briefly and graphically refreshed the public recollection of the ancient friendship and priceless assistance of France; Dr. STORRS commented glowingly upon the statue itself, its symbolic significance and artistic intent; ROBERT COLLYER praised the fitness of the site, and from personal observation in France described the reality of the feeling which prompted the gift; and Mr. CHOATE appealed with humorous cogency to the patriotic spirit which is sure to flow in golden rills and streams and rivers from the mountains to the sea into the coffers of the committee.

If our gratitude takes the form of the French generosity, there can be little delay in collecting the necessary sum. It will not be necessary, as Mr. EVARTS gayly suggested, that everybody should calculate what his neighbor ought to give, and then hasten and give it himself. It will be quite enough if everybody in the country who appreciates justly the fine chivalry and promise of this international courtesy decides how generous he is willing to be in acknowledging it, and sends his gift to the committee. As early as 1881 one hundred and eighty-one towns in France took action upon the subject by their municipal councils; forty general civic councils, the authorities of many of the provinces, all the Chambers of Commerce of the great cities, and a hundred thousand individual subscribers have all co-operated in the friendly work. Certainly we shall be unwilling that the oldest republic shall be outdone by the youngest in a friendly rivalry of generosity to commemorate their ancient friendship.

The American committee will at once organize a universal application for subscriptions. The statue must be placed somewhere, and it will be agreed that no site is so appropriate as that of the great ocean gateway by which the vast multitude whom the light of liberty attracts to our shores enter the home of the free of all races and all nations. But that fact does not affect the universality of the sentiment which distinguishes and hallows this gift. It is unique in the history of nations, and it is itself a signal illustration of that federation of the world which is sure to arise under the benign splendor of that republican Liberty which enlightens the world.

MR. MACVEAGH'S LETTER.

THE publication of ex-Attorney-General MACVEAGH'S letter to President ARTHUR is very timely, both as showing the feeling of President GARFIELD about the Star Route prosecutions, and as a complete justification of Mr. MACVEAGH'S resignation. He saw, if others did not see, the absolute necessity of proving to the country that the ARTHUR Administration was thoroughly in earnest in the prosecution, and he saw also, what is now apparent to everybody, that that earnestness could be made evident only by the determined action of President ARTHUR'S own agents, and not by those who had been selected by his predecessor. The reason of this, which Mr. MACVEAGH could not plainly state, was that the presumption was against the ARTHUR Administration because of its friendly relations with some of the men who were most implicated.

In a subsequent good-humored note in reply to some strictures in the *World*, Mr. MACVEAGH says that in the interests of justice he is very grateful for the removals of which we speak elsewhere, but he can not clearly see why, if the "official atmosphere" of the Washington City Hall is to be cleared, Mr. HENRY should be taken and Mr. CORKHILL left, whom President GARFIELD intended to remove, nor why HELM should be dismissed for publishing BRADY'S *Critic*, while GORHAM is promoted to be editor-in-chief of the Administration organ for editing BRADY'S *Republican*. Still further, the correspondent of the New York *Times* calls attention to the fact that the newspaper which he says is controlled by Assistant-Postmaster-General HATTON and Secretary CHANDLER makes no editorial reference to the removals, and sneers at Mr. MACVEAGH'S letter.

It is to be hoped that the President and his advisers understand how closely this Star Route prosecution is watched by the public, and that it is of vital importance that nothing should be left undone to show the unconditional determination of the Administration upon the utmost and speediest justice.

MR. CHALMERS.

MR. CHALMERS, who is also known to those who remember the Fort Pillow Massacre as General CHALMERS, is a most unfortunate man. He recently presented himself to the House of Representatives, claiming to have been elected a member of the House by the Democrats of a Mississippi Congressional district. Greatly to his surprise, he was not permitted to take his seat. It appeared that in their devotion to his interests his Democratic constituents had voted a little too freely, and that in the general enthusiasm it had not been thought worth while to count all the votes that misguided men had wasted upon his opponent. In short, Mr. CHALMERS was declared to owe his alleged election to fraudulent practices, and the virtuous House refused to have anything to do with him.

Returning to Mississippi, Mr. CHALMERS abandoned the Democratic party, and became an independent candidate for Congress. Mr. HUBBELL'S committee at once perceived his noble and patriotic qualities, and he was given the support of the Administration, and his "cause" was identified with that of the Republican party. It was at first supposed that he had been successful at the late election, but it now appears that he has been defeated by the fraudulent practices of his former friends and present enemies, the Mississippi Democrats. Thus the man who was kept out of Congress because he was fraudulently elected is now to be again kept out because he has been fraudulently defeated. It was the Republicans who would not admit him when he came to Washington as a fraudulently elected Democrat; it will be a Democratic House which will refuse to listen to his complaint that he is a fraudulently beaten Republican. It looks as if Mr. CHALMERS had been a little rash in selecting this precise time for leaving the Democracy and joining the Republicans.

Still, Mr. CHALMERS'S true friends, those who have his spiritual welfare at heart, will comfort themselves with the thought that he has now learned that frauds in connection with an election are wicked. Prior to the second Tuesday in November Mr. CHALMERS had never thoroughly learned this great truth, but there is no longer any doubt as to it in his mind. He regards it as an outrage that a candidate for Congress should be cheated out of his election, and he is convinced that frauds of this kind do occur in Mississippi, and in his own Congressional district. This is a most valuable lesson, and though it has cost Mr. CHALMERS some discomfort to learn it, his true friends will hope that it will have a most excellent effect upon his moral character.

THE WORK AT ASSOS.

THE work of the Archæological Institute, a modest society whose head-quarters are in Boston, is not as widely known as it should be. The object of the Institute is the prosecution of original archæological research under such auspices that the results may be valuable contributions to historic and artistic knowledge of a kind for which we have been accustomed to rely upon foreign scholars. The chief enterprises hitherto have been the work of Mr. BANDELIER among the Pueblos Indian remains in Central America, and the excavations at Assos under the superintendence of Mr. JOSEPH THACHER CLARKE, who is singularly fitted, by special accomplishment, great intelligence and energy, and untiring devotion, to prosecute such researches. Mr. CLARKE has made a translation, with the immediate assistance of the author, of VON REBER'S *History of Ancient Art*, which the HARPERS have just issued, and of which Professor NORTON, of Cambridge, who is probably the highest authority in the country, says that there is no manual upon the subject in any language so trustworthy and judicious.

Of Mr. CLARKE'S work at Assos, Professor NORTON states the results as follows:

"First, the obtaining of complete and exact knowledge of the plan and construction of the famous temple on the Acropolis of the ancient city—a temple second in importance in the history of the Doric style only to the Parthenon. The perfect recovery of this temple for science is a triumph due mainly to the ability and energy of Mr. JOSEPH THACHER CLARKE, the head of the expedition. Secondly, the discovery of a large number of the sculptures which adorned the epistyle of the temple, and which are as important in the history of the development of Greek sculpture as the temple itself is to the history of architecture. Third, the unearthing of the remains, and the securing of plans, elevations, and detailed measurements, of the extraordinarily rich and interesting group of public buildings on the terraces of the Acropolis, including stoa, portico, a so-called gymnasium, a small temple, baths, theatre, etc. Fourth, the discovery and opening of many sarcophagi and tombs along the street of tombs. Fifth, the discovery of numerous important inscriptions, of several large and interesting mosaic pavements, and of a great number of minor antiquities. Sixth, the discovery of the piers of a unique stone bridge of Greek construction over the river that runs through the plain beneath the city."

As Mr. NORTON truly says, such labors place American scholarship in active emulation with that of the Old World, and this enterprise is our first public contribution to the increase of knowledge of classical antiquity. But it costs; and to complete the work requires yet $2500, any part of which, however small—or large—Professor NORTON would gladly receive.

ABBEY'S HERRICK.

WE have already spoken of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, the beautiful paper which will gladden thousands of holiday hearths and homes, and now comes from the same house one of the most unique and fascinating of timely gift-books—*Selections from Robert Herrick, with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey*. It is a delightful work, and HERRICK'S quaint, fanciful, graceful, and tender verse furnishes a field in which Mr. ABBEY'S distinctive genius has the happiest play. Of all the English poets who are called minor poets no one has a purer lyrical touch than HERRICK, and none has impressed himself more deeply upon all lovers of poetry. A nameless airy grace and freshness and melody, a delicacy and sweetness and wholesomeness, in his best verse, placed it among the choicest English poetry. After SHAKESPEARE'S songs, there are no lyrics better than the best of HERRICK. No poet, also, is more characteristically English. His flowers are English flowers; his landscape is the English landscape; and yet, as the realm of the imagination knows no national frontiers, the sentiment of his muse is universal.

The May-day, out-of-door world, the delight in beauty for its own sake, the pleasant concert and healthy vigor and boundless leisure of the poet's realm, the artist has reproduced with exquisite felicity. Such drawings as that illustrating "To Meadowes" or "Corinna's going a-Maying" are of the pure joyousness of BURNE-JONES'S descent of beautiful women playing instruments, or of GIORGIONE'S drawing of the loitering BOCCACCIO groups hovering over the garden pool. Nothing better of their kind has been done. What perfect summer "idlesse" in the "Three Dainty Destinies"! What a ruddy English rural idyl "The Bucolick, a Discourse of Neat-herds"! The firmness of delicate touch, the expressiveness, the variety, the characteristic humor, and the true HERRICK atmosphere and feeling of these drawings will always blend the names of the poet and the artist.

The richness and tastefulness of the book itself, the fine printing, the thoughtful care of detail, are in harmony with the whole design of the work, and the preface of Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON shows that sympathetic appreciation of HERRICK of which the reader of Mr. DOBSON'S own delicate and sparkling verse would be sure. This beautiful book will not only please every curious seeker of holiday treasures, but it will draw many a long-lingering step into one of the most charming by-paths of English literature.

PERSONAL.

ALTHOUGH Mr. WEED was notable for the number and amount of his charities, he was at the same time a provident man, and very sagacious as to his investments. His fortune is estimated at between one and two millions, and all of it probably in the very best interest-paying stocks and bonds. Of city railway shares he has been for many years a large holder, and to his far-sighted, conservative counsels their continued prosperity is largely attributable.

—It is said that the four princely residences in San Francisco belonging to ex-Governor STANFORD, CHARLES CROCKER, Mrs. MARK HOPKINS, and Mr. CLINTON cost in the aggregate about $3,000,000, and are unoccupied about ten months in the year.

—Mr. BARNUM has got his animals of high and low degree into their winter-quarters at Bridgeport. He has two or three acres of buildings devoted to cars, cages, and such, and is still short of room. Tracks run directly into his grounds, and cars are drawn into the buildings by elephants, of which he has twenty-one, including the two baby elephants and Jumbo, who has gained very much in weight. Jumbo eats three hundred pounds of hay, three bushels of oats, and fifty loaves of bread every day.

—Persons intending to subscribe to the fund for the statue of HARRIET MARTINEAU, by ANNE WHITNEY, are requested to send their subscriptions to Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co., No. 4 Park Street, Boston. All who desire to participate in doing honor to the memory of this illustrious woman are assured that the smallest as well as the largest sums will be gladly welcomed and faithfully acknowledged.

—Mr. JAMES PAYN, the popular English novelist, has assumed the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—It is whispered that Mr. OSCAR WILDE has a play in the market.

—Those who have had the pleasure of reading Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD'S new poem on Islam, now in press, say that it equals if not surpasses "The Light of Asia" in dramatic power.

—The new Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. PATTISON, is pronounced to be a handsome man. He is tall, slender, dark, and his expression is inclined to be serious. Although very domestic in his habits, he is jovial and even boyish in company. His manner is hearty and sincere on all occasions. His wife is a beautiful and accomplished lady, who will preside gracefully at the Executive Mansion. One of the first acts of Mr. PATTISON, after his election was decided, was to visit his widowed mother at Alexandria, Virginia, to receive her congratulation.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED BARNES states that Mr. WEED'S autobiography, though incomplete, will be published. "The editorship of the work," he adds, "will probably devolve upon me. The manuscript of the first volume is complete, but the rest is fragmentary. My grandfather seemed to think he had plenty of time, and though we urged him to finish the work, he did not hasten it." There can be no doubt that what remains to be done will be thoroughly well done. It is in very capable as well as very loving hands. Mr. F. W. SEWARD, Mr. WILLIAM BARNES and his accomplished wife, Miss HARRIET WEED, and young Mr. THURLOW WEED BARNES are very sure to give to the public in due time what will undoubtedly prove to be the most interesting autobiography ever published in this country.

—A Burmese nobleman—SAN AH BRAH—who has been twelve years in this country, and graduated from three American colleges, is lecturing in the South under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

—CHAUNCEY MORSE, of Canandaigua, now eighty-eight years old, is said to be the senior printer in this State. In 1811 he was an apprentice in the office of the *Ontario Repository*. The late LEWIS H. REDFIELD entered the same office four years before. Afterward Messrs. MORSE and REDFIELD were partners in publishing the *Ontario Register*. Since 1821 Mr. MORSE has been connected with various newspapers in various places, and has only recently returned to spend the late afternoon of his life's long day in Canandaigua. His faculties are scarcely a whit impaired, and his health is hale and hearty.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, of New Orleans, who within a few years has achieved celebrity in literature, has been engaged to deliver a course of six lectures before the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, during the month of March next. The lectures will treat of the relations of literature to modern society.

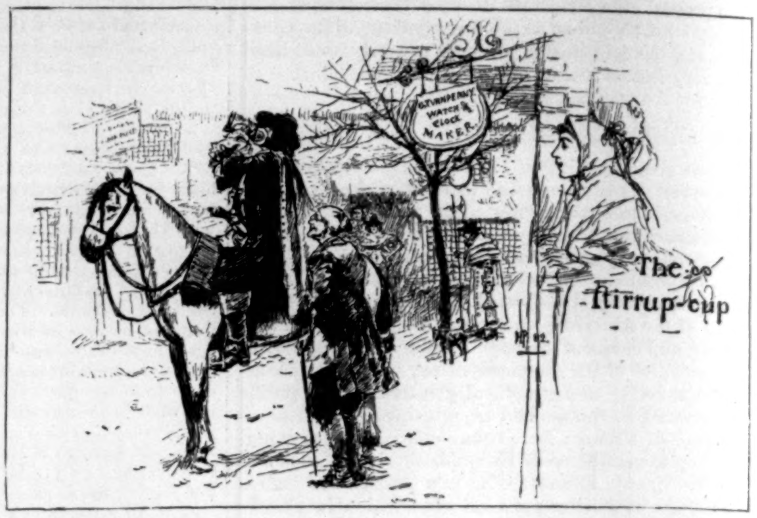
—The Earl of Aylesford has recently arrived in New York, his purpose being to have a leisurely run over the country. He is thirty-three, and succeeded to the earldom eleven years ago.—The Duke of Newcastle is also in New York, and soon goes South for his health. He is only eighteen years of age, and has been an invalid for a long time. He succeeded to the dukedom in February, 1879.

—Governor COLQUITT'S exit from the Gubernatorial chair of Georgia was one of the neatest ever made by any Governor. About ten minutes before the inauguration of Governor STEPHENS he certified to a deed of transfer of 400 acres of mining land in Northern Georgia to an English syndicate, the consideration being $5,000,000.

—The venerable PETER COOPER, now nearly ninety-two, called on Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG recently, who sang to him several charming songs. He asked her if she knew or had heard an old ballad called "The Tortoise-shell Cat." She answering in the negative, he at once sang a verse of it for her, in a clear, firm voice, and in a manner that won from her a hearty encore.

—Mr. JOHN P. HOWARD, of Vermont, who has made such munificent bequests to the University of that State, is about to add another that will materially enhance its attractiveness. Recently, while visiting Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, he was so much pleased with its gymnasium that he at once procured plans of it, and gave orders for a duplicate of it for the University of Vermont, to be finished next year. It is said that Mr. HOWARD also intends to build for the University a fine fire-proof building, to contain the library of the late Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH, Minister to Italy, which has lately been presented to the institution by the Hon. FREDERICK BILLINGS. Mr. HOWARD'S other gifts to the University amount to about $115,000. The bronze statue of LAFAYETTE, for which he gave $25,000, is nearing completion under the hands of Mr. J. Q. A. WARD, and will be set up in the college grounds early next summer.

THE ARRIVAL AT THE BLUE BOAR INN.



CHRISTMAS-TIME TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[*Continued from front page.*]

and comforted by the forge fire. Nevertheless, as I observed, he had too much Christmas cheere, and I am afraid lest the shoe may be putt on awry. I feared lest by this delay I might miss my cousin at the Blue Boar Inn, which was still more than fifteen miles away.

Found before the tavern foure or six horses and some people just dismounted. A modish young spark accosted me, and asked whether or no I was Mr. R. Pennyworth. I found he was my cousin, grown the fine gentleman, with a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of court garb, and affected manner of speech and gait. He is mightily different from the tow-headed boy at the Hawes with whom I did soe often quarrel and buffet. His friend was the Hon. George Somers, a dark gentleman with a haughty look, who stared at me. But, Lord! to think of me riding along the highway with one of such quality! Surely my cousin hath risen in the world. Yett I did not like them, for they did ask me such silly questions as how much I paid for my horse, or my clothes, or where I learned the cock of my hat, and the like, yett alle with such sober faces that I could not take the matter up, though I heard the servants laugh behind my back, (and was) constrayned to answer (all their questions), although—

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—soe that because of such misfortunes as Mr. Somers's horse going lame, and the servant having to goe back for the crupper-bag, it was dark before we reached the Manor-house, with the windows all alight. My cousin Will shouting, the door was presently opened, and my uncle, grown a great fat red-faced man, comes forth to welcome us. Soe into the hall, and a fine place it is, with noble wainscoting and deeres hornes and armour, though my uncle had not yett noticed me, being taken up with Mr. Somers, which I thought ill done of him. At last he saw me, and came and shook me by the hand. He said I had grown fine enough, and very different from what my poore father was; that he saw that I was an Overbrook, and knew not what turn it was of Richard Pennyworth's Puritanical face that bewitched my mother. It made me mad to heare my poore father soe spoken of, soe I spake upp boldly to him, and said that my mother was honoured by marrying such a man as my poore father, whose only misfortune was that he was too consistent to make his fortune from other people's trouble, or line his nest with his enemies' feathers. I thought that my uncle would have been mad, but he only laughed, and said that he liked me the better for standing upp for my poore father, but that it was only fools that never knew that the world changed, and could not look on both sides of a matter. He clapped me upon the back as he spake, and I think hath taken a liking to me. But my cousin Will, when I spake soe, looked at me with a mighty—

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THE MUMMERS.

THE SNAPDRAGON.

My cousin Janet hath grown mightily handsome, soe that I should never have known her for the little girl that I used to call my little wyfe when I was att the Hawes. It is marvellous how shee hath remembered everything that happened when I was soe att the Hawes. Shee tells me that shee hath thought of me ever since, and hath longed most earnestly for to see me again. Shee reminded me of a matter that I had clean forgot, but remembered when shee spake of it, of how I drove away a bigg cowe that followed her because of her redd hoode, though I myself was afraid of the cowe. Shee hath made of me a heroe ever since. Told me that ever since shee hath thought of me as of her best friend next to her poore mother, who is dead. I knew not that shee liked me soe. Shee said that shee had much to tell me, but comes Mistress Grantley, her aunt, whom I doe see doth watch her always as though shee feared to lett her out of her sight for even a minute, so no more sayd.

After I had left my cousin, was joyned by a Mr. Fenwick, who came and spake to me, though I knew him not. A quiet gentleman, with but little of modish manner, yett a person of quality, as any one could see.

Whilst I stood talking to him comes a great noise of bagpipes and voices, and the door being opened, in comes a party of mummers alle decked out in a most fantastick manner. One with a beard and hair of tow stood for Father Christmas, who led the band, and upon either side of him walked a fellow with a bagpipe. Then came one on a hobby-horse, with an olde helmet and breastplate, and with a beane-pole in his hand, who stood for St. George; then one that walked on his hands and knees, drest for the dragon, and one for the Grand Turk, and one for the chirurgeon; with these came little children bearing bunches of holly and holme, and alsoe pretty damsels and swains from the village.

We alle gave great room in the hall for the masque, the servants crowding around the doors. First comes Father Christmas forward, and makes a speech alle in rhyme, giving the true history of St. George. Then when he was done comes St. George forth, and fought with the dragon, whom he slew; but in slaying him gave him a sound thwack over the head that made the snake howl again, and swear that he would thump St. George when he caught him fair, whereat alle laughed; yet nevertheless the dragon carried out the play, and lay down as though dead. Then comes St. George forward, and makes a speech, telling how he hath slayn the dragon that destroyed men and women; whereupon Mr. Fenwick, who stood nigh me, whispered me that it was a vast pitty that St. George is not alive now, for there are dragons yett to destroy, whereby methinks he meant Mistress Grantley. After this comes the Grand Turk forward, and he and St. George fought three times, and each time St. George overcame him, but the chirurgeon brought the Turk to life, soe St. George slew the chirurgeon, and then soon overcame the Grand Turk. We alle jested and laughed heartily at the masque, and when it was done, comes a boy forward with a box, and said:

> "Ladies and gentlemen,
> Our story is ended,
> Our money-box is recommended;
> Five or six shillings will do us no harm;
> Copper, or silver, or gold if you can."

Then everybody dropped money into the box, and I too, though I could but ill spare it. After this to supper, where I sat next to Mr. Fenwick. Found that he was a nephew of Sir G. Fenwick, Bart., though poore, living in an olde place called Coverdale. Saw that the Hon. G. Somers sat beside my cousin, to whom he paid much court, as

BRINGING IN THE YULE-LOG.

THE GLEE SINGERS.

THE RETURN FROM CHURCH, CHRISTMAS MORNING.

well he may, for shee will be a great heiress when shee cometh of age next March. But I think shee likes him not.

After supper forth with hats and wraps to see them bring the Yule-log intoe the hall; only Mistress Grantley, who hath a swelling of the knee, and feareth the cold, went not. Saw my uncle give my cousin to Mr. Somers to escort, who offered her his arm with a most gallant and modish bow, I must needs own. Mr. Fenwick and I forth together. He seemeth to have conceived a liking for me, which doth please me much, he being one of such quality. He said much to me that I could not wholly understand—that it seemed that poore people like him and me could only look over the hedge at apples. Another thing he said that sett me a-thinking was that it would be a grand thing for our family to marry intoe the Earle of St. Cuthbert's family, and that the Countess was willing to have an untitled lady tagged to her skirts for £2000 a yeare, by which I conceive that my uncle looks to patch up a match betwixt the Hon. G. Somers and my cousin.

Soon after we had gone out, a lott of men belonging to the Manor came dragging a great logg on a sledge alle bedecked with branches of holly. Every one tooke off their hats, though the weather was colde. It was a fine sight for to see them alle pulling and hauling att the great logg, for the weather had cleared, and the moon come out, making the snowe bright. Soe to the Manor, where a great crowd of men bare the logg in and to the fire-place. Then come in all the servants, and every one belonging to the Manor, and one comes forward alle fantastickally bedecked with mistletoe and rosemary, bearing a charred brand alight with flames, with which he sett the great logg ablaze. Mr. Fenwick tells me that this was the brand snatched from the last year's Yule fire. A great barrell of ale was presently rolled into the hall, from which each servant took as much as he or she wished, and soe away, all laughing and talking, to below-stairs. Mr. Fenwick tells me that in the servants' part of the house they doe hang upp a branch of mistletoe, and whatever wench passeth beneath it is kissed by the hind that is nighest her.

After the servants were gone, alle we into the drawing-room, a grand wainscoted place, with a sea-coal fire ablaze in the fire-place. Some satt by the fire, and some away into a small room where were packs of cards and tables, whereat they gamed for more or less, according to

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

THE CONTRA-DANCE.

THE DUEL.

their purses. We around the fire told merry tales and ghost stories, so that rarely have I spent a more pleasant night.

Before the evening was done a servant came in bearing a great platter full of plums, with spirits poured over them and all ablaze, which they call a snapdragon, and each one tried to snatch a plum from the flames. I did try with the others, but got a singed finger, and no plum. Even the card-players stopped their games, and came and tried with the rest, and many got plums, but all got singed fingers, soe that we alle laughed and were very merry. After that to bedd, each with a fine candle, very different from the rush-light that I have att Mr. Turnpenny's. I would that Mistress Peggy could see what people of quality these bee.

This is the longest entry that ever I have made in my journal these two yeares, and it is grown late, and my candle low, so to bedd.

(Mem.) My cousin Janet is kinder to me than any one else, and tender in her speech. I wonder what Mistress Peggy would say should my cousin take a liking to me and I to her; and yett do I no wrong, for I have spoke no word of love to Peggy in alle my life.

December 25 (Christmas-day).—Was waked early this morning by singing in the court-yard whilst the day was still gray. Whereupon scrambled out of bedd and to the windowe, where I looked forth. The weather was very colde, but the skye cleare, growing redd in the east. There saw a company of men and women and children standing in front of the hall, and singing very sweet. Was told afterward it was the choir of the village church. Some bare staves wrapped about with gay ribands, with bunches of holly and rosemary at the end of the staves. It was mightily pleasing, and was sorry when it was done and they gone, with money which my uncle sent forth to them. After this did dress myself, and down from my roome.

After breakfast did hear Mr. Somers talking to another gentleman, and cursing the singers for waking him. He seems mightily displeased with everything so far, for I heard him say that he had surely catched a colde standing bare-headed in the snowe watching the Yule-logg brought in, and all for such silly child's play as had been going forward. I thought it ill done of him that he should soe speak of his entertainment, but can find no joy but in drinking and gaming.... which he doth in great part at court. Yett would I not say anything ill of one of such quality, for I do hear that he doth belong to the Duke of Buckingham's party at court. Surely it will be a grand thing for my uncle and my cousin Will for a man of such quality to marry my cousin Janet; yett if what I think is soe, he will stand but an ill chance with her, for great things have happened to-day.

To church, where heard the vicar preach a sermon which methought was fair, being chiefly directed against gaming and pleasure, and laying stress upon charity. Upon which it was worth observing how far they were alle from taking the sermon seriously that they alle laughed in Sir John's pewe, and one that satt nigh me did whisper into my eare that the reverend gentleman doe spend not one groat upon the poore himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed.

On the way back did walk with my cousin Janet, and happened that which did set me a-thinking at great rate. Shee began talking to me about her home, that shee was not happy there, that her father, though a good man mainly, did think of nothing but raising his family in the world, that her brother at court thought of her only to raise himself higher among people of quality, that they had been at her for a year and more for to patch upp a match betwixt her and Mr. Somers, whom shee hated for a selfish and dissipated wretch; that they had put her aunt upon her to watch her, which shee did day and night. That shee had hoped for some one for to tell her troubles to, and had always thought of me, remembering how kind I was to her when a child. I thought strange that shee should soe talk to me, but saw that she was romantick, for shee said that when shee saw how I did stand forth for my poore father, fearing no one, shee knew that I was what shee had thought me, and could be trusted. Shee asked me whether shee could trust me wholly, and if shee told me a secret whether I would betray it to no one, and I told her that I would not betray it, for I did feel very sorry for her. Shee then, after a space in which she said nothing, but did seem to struggle with herself, spake in a low voice, with her face down, so that I scarce could hear her, told me that shee had always loved some one ever since she was a child; that he was very poore, yett shee knew him worthy. Shee asked me after a time could I not guess who it was shee meant; neither did shee look up when shee said this, but my heart beat fitt to smother me, for I could not but know that she meant me; for had she not singled me out from all the rest, and treated me very tenderly? Yett could I not say one word, though striving to think what to say, when upp comes my uncle, and nothing more could be said betwixt us. All the rest of the time I walked as though in a maze, but got no chance for to say more to my cousin.

After we had come to the Hall, my uncle takes me into his office to talk to me of my affairs, but hardly did I know what I said, soe confounded were all my thoughts, soe that I was gladd when a servant came and said that the people of the village were waiting with presents, for my uncle is a justice. Then presently the people came in, one after another, each with some gift to my uncle. Some who were rich brought turkeys, some geese, some capons or pullets, and some only eggs; but each brought something according to their—

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—and soe to the court, and up and downe, composing my thoughts and what I should say to my cousin. Poore Peggy! And yett I doe no wrong, for I have said no word of love to her. And I would be a foole, when soe fair a woman and soe great an heiress as my cousin Janet telleth me shee loves me, for to throw her by. And I am sure I doe right to not make a woman whom I know loves me unhappy for one I doe not know doth soe.

In to dress for dinner, for I must appear at my best now. At dinner sat next to Mr. Fenwick. The feast was fine, with roast meats of a dozen different kinds, turkeys and pheasants and geese. Alle very merry with jests and pleasant talk, soe that I did enjoy myself mightily. I did watch my cousin, and saw her grow redd whenever her eyes did meet mine. After the meats were done comes Christmas pyes stuffed with minced meats and plums and cytronne and spices. Last of all the door opens, and in comes the cook, bearing a mighty platter, and in it a great plum-pudding all steaming and ablaze with lighted spirits, and behind him his boy bearing a dish of sauce. It was a noble sight, and never did I eat such a dinner nor soe much. My cousin Will drank much wine, and grew boisterous, which I thought ill done of him.

After dinner to the hall, where came a man with a pipe, and two with viols, for to make musick for dancing. Soe all fell to at a contradance, after which the elders did sit at cards whilst we danced still. After the dancing was done, alle at merry games, such as Rowley O, and Chasing the Mare, shouting and laughing like soe many children, soe that what with laughing and running and shouting, I was all in a muck of sweat. Then were brought in filberts and apples, and alle fell to att them as though no one had had aught to eat for a fortnight.

At last did get my cousin to a corner, where we both sat silent, I gathering my courage. At last I spake, and told her I loved her, and had always done so, since we were children, which I did feel as though I had, for I was sorry for her. Saw her grow white as I spake, and then redd, but shee said nothing but looked down, but I saw her hands tremble. Just then comes Mistress Grantley and takes her away, and I sat still, with thoughts all tumbling one over the other. Truly I did not think that shee did love me soe. Presently saw Mr. Somers talking with her, but shee all distracted. Had no chance to speak with her again, and so comes bedd-time. But to think of her choosing me from all others for to fix upon!

December 26.—Lord! what great things have happened to-day, and yett my brain not crazed! Did not speak to my cousin till after breakfast, others being by, but saw that her eyes were redd and her face pale, and did much wonder why shee had been crying. At last she beckoned me to come nigh her, which I did, though shee did not raise her eyes as I approached. Shee spake to me in a low voice, others being nigh; said that Mr. Fenwick was one who could help us both more than any one in the world, that shee had writ a letter to him, and bade me take it to him. Soe I took the letter, though wondering much how he could help us, and soe found him at last, and gave the letter to him. It was long, and he took a great while reading it, which he did without saying a word. After he had done, he looked at me, and at last spake, and said that he saw here was some grievous mistake, and that my cousin had done wrong not to tell me soe herself. That he had loved my cousin long, and shee him, and when shee spake of loving some one, it was of him. shee spake. That thinking I had acted ill toward her, and not like the friend shee thought me to be, shee wished now to use me as a toole betwixt themselves, but that he knew me to be a man of honour, though mistaken, and would not soe use me even for my cousin's sake.

Never did I feel in alle my life as I did then, and was fitt to sink for shame, yett mad at my cousin that shee should soe misuse me. Told Mr. Fenwick that I had been a fool and a cockscomb, that I might have known no woman worth loving would speak as I thought my cousin had done, and that no woman would choose me, he being by, and did mean what I said. Yett methinks a woman who would soe treat any man as my cousin hath me is unworthy of such a man as he; though I told him not soe, for it did not concern me, but said that though I wished not to be a toole, yett I would doe all I could for to help him. After considering for a time, he asked me whether or no I would act as though he had not spoken to me of this matter, and would let things go as they had done. Answered him yes, but in my heart did not much like to do soe. Then he sat down to a table where were penns and ink, and wrote a great long letter; this done, he folded and sealed it, and gave it to me, bidding me take it to my cousin, and then meet him in the court. Said ere I left that he had not told my cousin what he had said to me. Soe I did take the letter to my cousin, and then straight to the court, and found him there, and with him a gentleman, Mr. Hardcastle, looking at a packe of houndes. Joined them; and as we stood talking of the houndes, comes the Hon. G. Somers from the house as though he were crazy, and walks straight toward us, and soe to me. He gave me a note he held in his hand, and in a thundering tone bade me to read it. Saw that some one had written what had passed between my cousin and myself, yett knew it was not Mr. Fenwick. Then knew that some plot was going forward concerning my cousin and Mr. Fenwick, and liked not to be tangled in it. In a great loud voice, Mr. Somers asked me if it was true that a poore wretch like me could soe aspire to his betters. This made me mad, for I feared not the Hon. G. Somers, nor any man in alle the world. Soe I looked him boldly in the face, and said that if I did soe aspire, how high must it be for him to look, who was such a poore, penniless, battered rake. Then, before any of us knew, he threw his glove full in my face, his lipps fairly frothing, like a man's lipps that hath a fitt. Then—

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—and as we all, wrapped in our cloakes, walked on our way beneath the bare trees, I could not but think in my heart what a foole I was for to goe to fight soe, for a woman who contemned me, with one of the best swordsmen in London. Thought that Mr. Fenwick might have spoken when he saw me soe in danger, but he did not, nor would I, even to save my life. Did think the spot was far away, for we got cold going thither. At last we had come to it—a fair, open place, with no underbrush. Mr. Somers took off his cloake and coat, as did I, and each drew his rapier, and took position, Mr. Fenwick holding his sword betwixt us, but—

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—the coach had made no noise because of the snow. Then the lady came to us, and we saw that it was my cousin, alone, and all pale and dishevelled. She came to me, and kneeling upon the snowe, begged me, if I loved her, to fight no more. Then, my cousin still kneeling, Mr. Fenwick besought us both to compose our quarrel. After a great while Mr. Somers was persuaded, and did put by his sworde, though he would not shake hands with me, nor I with him; and he told my cousin if she would rather take a swineherd to her arms than a gentleman, to follow her choice. But my cousin heard him not, for we saw that she had swooned dead away. Soe we alle four bare her to the coach, in a pretty coil enough, nor knew we what to do, for none of us liked to goe back with her for fear of what my uncle might say. But Mr. Fenwick said at last that he would take her home, nor did he fear either my uncle or my cousin Will, soe—

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—Had not been in the house above half an hour when my uncle sends for me by a servant, who spake alle soe amazedly that I knew something untoward must have happened. Found my uncle walking upp and downe his office in a mighty rage, holding a letter in his hand. There was my cousin Will allsoe, and Mistress Grantley sitting weeping. My uncle flung the letter in my face, calling me a foole in a thundering voice, and bidding me read it. Then saw that alle had been a plot devised by my cousin Janet, both the duel and the manner in which it had been patched up, and that shee pretended a swoone for to get away in the coach with Mr. Fenwick. That shee could beare her life no longer, and that they were both now off and away upon fresh horses. Shee told alle about my having spoke of love to her, and how shee had mistook me, thinking to find in me a friend and not a lover, and spake of me so bitterly that I knew the letter had been ready writ the night before for to send to my uncle. This letter the coachman had brought, and frightened enough he looked, though methinks Mr. Fenwick hath payed him well. I would say nothing to my uncle when I had read the letter, but he bade me in a loud voice to leave the room, which I did, and glad enough, too, for to get away. Am heartily sick of the whole matter, and to-morrow will back to London again. Would that I were there now with Peggy!

To my own roome, where I found a letter from my cousin, writ in great haste, in which shee sayeth that shee now knows alle, and thinks me the next noblest man in alle the world to her Mr. Fenwick. I think the coachman—poore wretch!—must have fetched it. It did please me to be thought no longer a cockscomb and a foole, though I care not much now what my cousin may think of me.

To bedd, and am glad of it, for I did sleepe but ill last night, and am tired.

(Mem.). Wonder whether one so romantick as my cousin can make such a man as Mr. Fenwick happy?

December 27.—Off this morning early. Came my uncle, and did shake me by the hand ere I left. Said that the bird was flowne and the milk spilt, and that we had alle been fooles together, but that now he wished to make the best of a lame horse. Fenwick would make no such bad sonne, after alle.

[The rest of the journal pursues the account of the monotonous routine of office-work.]

THE ELOPEMENT.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS—LONDON.

One of the most interesting traits in the history of the past twenty years is the rapid advance of knowledge. A desire to learn is the chief characteristic of all the Western nations. It is the people everywhere who demand and who support the public school. A few years ago they were lost in ignorance. In France, Italy, Spain, and even Ireland and England, two-thirds of the population scarcely knew more than the brutes around them. London, the most populous of cities, in 1870 suffered 200,000 of its children to live wholly without instruction. There were no schools provided for them; no possibility of giving them aid. The famous capital was worse educated than several of our least instructed States. Since 1870 an educational reform has passed over its people. The zealous labors of its School Board have been approved by those who pay the taxes, and those who have children to educate. The rate-payers and the working classes unite in voting steadily for the advance of knowledge. The expense is heavy, but the people bear it cheerfully, and London within ten years has built and equipped an admirable series of public schools, and made provision for the education of its children.

It is the most remarkable of revolutions. Even the bitterest opponents of popular education in England have come at last to admit its value. "The elementary education of London," says the doubting *Saturday Review* (October 14), "has greatly improved in the last ten years, both as regards the quality of the instruction given, and the number of the children instructed." A clergyman in the east district of London speaks of the reform produced among its degraded population by the new schools as quite unprecedented. London, with a population of four millions, is already as well supplied with fine school buildings as New York. By a sudden bound of educational energy it has nearly gone on before us. The public school has sprung up in its most impoverished quarters. Teachers carefully educated and trained instruct its children. Accomplished women, learned and able men, clergymen, authors, and intelligent working-men make up its School Board. Messrs. Lucraft and Potter, who belong to the industrial class, are among the most useful of its members; and Mrs. Westlake and Mrs. Webster have made their influence felt beneficially in all that relates to the education of girls. With a slight sneer the *Saturday Review* pays its unwilling homage to the real value of the labors of the London Board.

The London Board is not without its bitter opponents. A large body of the clergy of the Established Church have always assailed the schools. They would have only Church schools. The Tory leaders have never accepted fully the theory of popular education. Their chief ground of attack is its cost, and sometimes its quality and kind. They are keenly alive to every error and every imperfection. They charge extravagance in the outlay upon the school buildings, and point with exultation to the rapid rise in the school rates. It seems that the expectations of the Board as to expense have not been fulfilled, and that the cost of the schools is nearly double what they at first suggested and promised the public. An appeal to the purse might seem dangerous. At each triennial election the reactionaries and Conservatives have come to the polls with their complaints of the School Board, but they have been defeated. The voters, who are all persons of some property, have invariably sustained the schools. They have borne the increased expenses willingly. The system has been improved and perfected; the teachers are better prepared, the scholars more thoroughly taught. The labors of the members of the School Board are, it is said, more arduous than those of its teachers. The fine system is moving onward, refining and elevating the great metropolis, and spreading useful and elementary knowledge where a few years ago was only the deepest ignorance.

It would be possible to extend this review to a wide limit. The London School Board embraces within its sphere various duties that do not belong to our own boards. It has its industrial and its sewing schools—it tried even a swimming school—its committees of examination and revision; its excellent officials and members, who are all highly cultivated and educated men. The zeal for education has spread over all England. Since 1870 $100,000,000, it was stated at the Social Science Congress recently, have been expended in building school-houses in England and Wales alone. The number of certificated teachers has risen from 12,027 to 33,562, the average attendance at the schools from 1,878,584 in 1870 to 4,389,633 in 1881. This progress in elementary education is unequalled in any other age or nation. Mr. Hastings, the president of the Social Science Congress, relates the growth of education in his own city of Worcester. In 1871, he says, there were at least one thousand children at Worcester "running wild in the streets," and who never entered a school. Now, he continues, there are not forty-three, and of these many were properly excused. This he thinks good progress. "But," he adds, "it lags behind what I saw in Boston when, ten years ago, I visited the United States." We trust Boston still retains its preeminence in educational affairs.

The example of English education and the rapid advance it has made show us with what ease our own uneducated millions might be brought within the influence of intelligent teachers. Ten years ago one-half at least of the children of England and Wales were without any schools or hope of instruction. They "ran wild on the streets";

they lived in the country, not much more intelligent than the cattle they tended. An energetic impulse has reformed the land. England will soon become one of the best educated of nations, and its intelligent teachers form the most influential class of its people.

A large part of our own country is in the condition of England ten years ago. Various circumstances have joined to check the spread of knowledge. In most of the Southern States the people live in intense ignorance, according to the recent census reports, deprived of schools and teachers. It is supposed that there are nearly three million children, white and colored, who are shut out from all instruction. In the West and North too there is a large mass of the uneducated. The question is upon us, what shall we do for these unfortunates? Are we less able than England to educate and improve?

It is a curious and interesting study to watch this tide of knowledge rising over the Western world. It is a true revolution. England seems to have outstripped all its neighbors in the paths of education. But France is already prepared to rival it. Its system of public instruction is the most thorough of all. Even Italy has made rapid educational progress recently. Roumania and Bulgaria have excellent schools. Hungary is joining in the educational race. Only one country, Montenegro, shows a real decay of knowledge. There, we are told, the schools have decreased in number from fifty-eight to nineteen, and are very imperfect. The Montenegrins are all unwilling to work. But in all other countries labor and knowledge move on together, and educated thought is no longer shut out from the people.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

"YES, YES, CRICKET, I LOVE HIM."

THE twilight faded into night,
The pale moon brighter grew,
The soft greensward so eagerly
Was welcoming the dew
That it my footsteps ne'er betrayed
As I drew near my gray-eyed maid—

My gray-eyed maid who never yet
Had answered yea nor nay,
But when I begged of her a kiss
Looked straight another way,
And spoke of tree or flow'r or bird
As though she had not heard a word.

I lingered by the open door,
She dreamed not I was near,
And thus it was my happy fate
The song she sang to hear—
A song with sweetest music filled,
Sang to the strain a cricket shrilled.

It was the most delightful thing
To lover ever known,
Her merry notes accorded to
The cricket's monotone,
And as the words she sang I caught,
The night with melody seemed fraught.

"Yes, yes, cricket, I love him,
And some time I'll tell him so;
But not yet—oh, no, no, no!
Modest maidens should be slow
What is in their hearts to show.
And 'tis but two months ago
Since we first met. Pinks and roses,
Sweet things, had just ceased to blow.
Yes, yes, cricket, I love him.

"Yes, yes, cricket, I love him,
And some time I'll tell him so;
But not yet—oh, no, no, no!
I will be as cold as snow
Till his eyes reproachful grow,
Till he turns from me to go;
Then I'll whisper softly, softly,
That which you already know.
Yes, yes, cricket, I love him."

Before the last word parted from
The air, I'd reached her side,
And taken from her lips the kiss
She had so oft denied.
She tried to frown, but smiled ere long:
She knew I'd heard the cricket-song.

THE GRAND TETON RANGE.

THE scenery of the Teton range, in Idaho and Wyoming, is truly Alpine in character, approaching that type, says Professor HAYDEN, more nearly than any other mountain system in the West. It is a branch of the Rocky Mountains, near Snake River, and is formed mostly of granite and gneiss. Mount Hayden, which rises to a height of more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, with two other peaks, are called "the three Tetons," and are prominent landmarks to travellers on Snake River. The magnificent scenery of this range is splendidly rendered by MR. T. MORAN, an engraving from whose picture is given on page 785.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

By Ladies only.—Not a Working-Man.—Conspiracy to win Compensation.—Vacuum Ice Machine.—The Channel Tunnel.—Hard on the Women.

WE have the novelty in London of a theatre the boards of which are trodden by ladies only. When women were forbidden to act, the morals of the nation were at their very lowest ebb; so let us hope the contrary effect will now take place. But I doubt it, as I also doubt the success of the venture. There is always to my mind something ludicrous (though often very pretty) in the spectacle of a woman in man's clothes; and when she is wooing a rival actress, whom we know she must hate, the unreality of the thing comes always more or less home to us. I don't think the ladies will be at all interested in these female bridegrooms and husbands, and I am afraid the men will laugh at them. The only males admitted within the walls of this temple of Thespis are the scene-shifters. Happy scene-shifters!

Every one has a sympathy for the honest and stalwart beggar who when interrogated by the philosopher (with half a crown in his hand) as to why he didn't work, replied, with a sigh, "You don't know how idle I am." Some people, I have no doubt, are born so. I am not idle myself—far from it—but I am indolent to the last degree. Trouble of any sort is as offensive to me as it is to a Scotchman to lose money, and I suppose work is similarly hateful to natures of another kind. In order "to avoid manual labor," a convict at Portsmouth has just swallowed a handful of lime and a nail an inch and a half long. The lime might have been lime juice for all the harm it seems to have done him, but the nail—a form of taking iron which few doctors would seriously recommend—is causing him considerable inconvenience. Fancy the moral courage required for swallowing a nail an inch and a half long! Fancy the row he would have made if he had been *compelled* to swallow it! One has heard of men blowing their fingers off, and even putting out an eye, to avoid military service, and of the gentleman who killed his father in order to make himself the orphan child of his widowed mother, and so to escape the conscription. But that nail! I should say it "sticks in my throat" but that the doctors at Portsmouth vouch for the truth of the story.

In the alleged conspiracy to obtain compensation for an accident on the Waterloo Road, some admirable dramatic scenes are described. The rehearsal of the occurrence for the benefit of the witnesses who had not seen it must have been a charming spectacle, and reminds one of Mr. Fagin's young friends robbing the bell-hung doll. A plan of the scene was drawn by the chief conspirator, who explained his views in the most scientific manner. "It is as simple as possible," he says to one of his pupils; "you can't make a mistake in it. It is like *this*; and if we win, there's a pound a day for you." The pupil, not being a very apt one, is likened by the tutor to "a clump of wool." He says, "The van was going sharply." "No, sir, no," insists the tutor. "You must say, 'The van was going at terrible speed.' Then hold up your hands like this, and say—just as it ought to have happened, you know—'Good heavens! the van is down upon us!'" Altogether it must have been a pretty piece of private theatricals.

The effect of mechanical science on my mind is similar to that produced by an allegorical picture painted upon a ceiling. The contemplation of it always makes my head go round and round, and I don't understand what it is all about. But for this defect I should be able to give you a very intelligent account of the experiments with the vacuum ice machine exhibited in Bayswater the other day. The ice is produced, I believe (indeed I saw it), by pouring water into cylinders from which the air has been previously exhausted in a manner more complete than has been hitherto found possible. Steam then ascends from the water, leaving five-sixths of it solid ice, when, a bar being removed at the bottom of the cylinder, the block tumbles out of it like a clean snow man. Though not clear, like Wenham Lake ice, it is exceedingly white and beautiful, and—since one can make sure of the water—free from impurities, which can seldom be said of native ice. It has also nothing chemical in it, which has hitherto been the case with all artificial ice, so that it can be mixed with water, or other liquid, and drank. As it is very much cheaper, and can be produced in all climates and in high temperatures, it will probably supersede all other ice. In a little time, I hope, we shall hear no more, even at country inns, of their having none of this luxury, upon the ground (as *Punch* had it) of the season: "It is plain you comes from London, gents, since you ask for such a thing. Ice is a thing as comes, not in summer, but in winter."

Thanks to the report of the commission upon the Channel Tunnel, the scheme is pretty well exploded. Its chief advocate, Sir Edward Watkin, was wont to say of it that with proper precautions "he would pledge his word for the safety of the country." I remember, however, a few months ago, when a certain royal duke came over from Boulogne in the usual boat, and a crowd of excursionists were put into a miserable tug which broke down in mid-Channel, that he used the same phrase. Indeed, in that case "every precaution had been taken." Now suppose, in spite of all the precautions adopted for the guardianship of the Channel Tunnel, London was taken, what satisfaction would it be to me, with a French Governor instead of a Lord Mayor, to reflect that Sir Edward Watkin had "pledged his word" that it couldn't happen?

It is curious how very little of sentiment enters into the calculations of some people otherwise well equipped with mental furniture. A journal noted for its intelligence expresses its astonishment because in a certain breach-of-promise case in humble life, where the defendant says, "I am willing to marry you," and the prosecutrix, "But I am not willing to marry *you*," that the defendant should still have to pay damages. "Whatever may have taken place before," says the journal in question, "it was the woman, and not the man, who prevented the completion of the contract," and goes on to say that such a verdict may be law, but is not equity. To everybody else, I think, the affair will present itself in a view diametrically opposite. It might have been law (though I am glad to say it was *not*) had, at the last moment, after any amount of insult, and finding himself about to suffer where alone he could feel, namely, in his pocket, the perjured scoundrel been allowed to evade his fine by becoming his victim's husband; but not only would it not have been equity, but great cruelty to the woman. The scribe appears to think that the words "love, honor, and obey" in the marriage service had better be confined to "obey," for how, under such circumstances, even should the woman consent to the marriage, could love and honor be possible? There is a certain class of writers—and I must say they do not recommend themselves to me—who always take sides with their own sex.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GERMAN SKETCHES.

MR. REINHART's sketches on page 784, taken from his note-book of a recent tour in Germany, will be recognized as happily characteristic by every one who has travelled in that country. The roistering student, devoted to beer and duelling, is still a feature of German university life. In spite of all efforts to put down the foolish practice, the corps students contrive to have their duels on the sly, and patches of court-plaster over the sword-cuts on their faces are still paraded with great pride. Yet many of these lounging, swaggering youths, who seem to take in a great deal more beer than learning during a large part of their university course, turn out really profound students in time, and take high positions in the world. BISMARCK, for instance, was a famous beer-drinker and a champion duellist in his youth; and many other eminent men could be named who still bear the marks of youthful encounters on the field of honor.

The waltz with the peasant girls, the strolling artists, the cavalry exercise, and the two officers are equally characteristic. The priest is one of those hard-working Tyrolese pastors who spend their life among the simple-hearted inhabitants of the mountains and valleys, ready at any moment to obey the call of duty, to cheer the sick, and console the dying. They are for the most part men of fervent and sincere piety, who go about doing good in humble and reverent imitation of the Master.

A NIGHT IN A CHINESE CITY.

AT set of sun life in Peking, as far as the streets are concerned, ceases to exist; doors are closed, shops shut, and the inhabitants retire within their houses. Not even the most important thoroughfares are illuminated; at certain corners, where the police have their stations, miserable dirty paper lanterns are lit up, which shed no light whatever. Every one who goes abroad, whether on foot, in Sedan-chair, or by cart, must carry a lantern. The streets of the Imperial and Tartar cities may be said to be entirely deserted; it is in the Chinese city only that there is anything going on at night. Each city is shut off from the others at sundown, and the gates are not again opened under any circumstances until daybreak. I resided in the Tartar city, and it was in the Chinese city that I wished to make my nocturnal ramble, so that there was no remedy but to make a night of it. My companions declined to accompany me, so I had reluctantly to undertake the excursion alone.

My guide hired a cart for the whole night, and we started from our hotel at about half past six in the afternoon. It was necessary to set out thus early in order to pass through the gate before it was locked. I had not yet dined, so I directed my interpreter to conduct me to the best hotel in the place, and gave him *carte blanche* to order for me and himself the best dinner procurable. I need scarcely add that an inn of European character was entirely out of the question; the only European hotel in the whole of Peking is that kept by M. Vrard, in the Tartar city, where I was staying. I knew this perfectly well, and had made up my mind for a Chinese repast, served in Chinese fashion. It was in the narrow courtyard, then, of a thoroughly native rest-house that the cart stopped. My conductor, a most excellent and thoughtful fellow, had taken the precaution of bringing my travelling-rugs, which, if useful to alleviate the bruises caused by the jolting of the cart, were now equally so to obviate the hardness of the brick couch in the rest-house. He spread them then on the *kang*, and I was not sorry to lay me down and take a short repose after a long ride. With book and cigar I whiled away the time until my dinner should be ready. In about half an hour it was served, and copious enough it was in its way: fish, chicken, mushrooms, *beche de mer* (a species of edible sea-weed, brought, I believe, from Japan, of which the Chinese are exceedingly fond), all in separate dishes, or rather small basins, with two sorts of gravy in little bowls, two kinds of pickles, and soft, unleavened rolls of white flour, quite hot. The drinkables were *samshu* of two different strengths, the one to imbibe while eating, the other at dessert—the former was flat, mild, and rather flavorless, the latter rough and potent—both, to my palate, disagreeable. *Samshu* is a spirit distilled usually from rice, although it may be made from potatoes, beans, or sugar-cane; it is of a whitish color, and not altogether unlike bad whiskey much under proof. It serves the Chinese in lieu of wine, which they never make from the grape. Some fruit was brought, and the repast concluded with the inevitable tea. Chopsticks were the only implements supplied, but as I had already become tolerably adroit in their manipulation, I was quite able to get my victuals into my mouth without the use of any other instrument. I can not say that I enjoyed my meal. It was not the first time that I had tasted pure Chinese cuisine, so that the food was not altogether foreign to me, nor were the viands in their way badly cooked, but the taste of almost everything one eats is more or less acquired, and a matter of education; as my tongue was unschooled in the language, so my palate had not yet been taught to appreciate the cooking.

Anything more primitive, strange, and weird than the Chinese quarter of Peking by night can hardly be imagined. "Dim darkness" in the tortuous streets, unbroken by a single ray from the sombre houses, and unrelieved by the paper police-lanterns, posted at rare intervals, looking in the distance like spectres, or by those of the few pedestrians, which, bobbing up and down in the obscurity, have the appearance of so many will-o'-the-wisps; the rumbling of an occasional cart, for which one has to make way at the risk of falling into a yawning cess-pool, the black depths of which, as I held my lantern over the brink, looked still more horribly black in the gloomy night; the monotonous sound of the watchmen striking together the pieces of bamboo with which they announce their presence; the groans of the mendicants crouching in the doorways; the cries of the ambulant venders of food, who wander through the streets, or attract stray passers-by to their temporary stalls, pitched for the nonce in some out-of-the-way nook or corner—all these strange sounds and apparitions suggested to my mind a home of evil spirits, the departure of demons after a Sabbat meeting, or the breaking up of pagans on a dark Walpurgis Night. A thunder-storm now burst upon us, and added its effect to the lugubrious scene. The lightning was vivid in the extreme, and the rain came down in such torrents that the thoroughfares were soon converted into muddy water-courses, and further exploration was rendered impossible. My conductor proposed that we should return to the rest-house, but as it was already long past midnight, I ordered a trial at the gate. My suggestion proved to be good. A mandarin on his way to the palace had just passed through, and the custodian, caring more for his comfort than for orders, or thinking perhaps that no one would be stirring in such terrible weather, had omitted to close the portals after the official. We got through, then, without hinderance. The storm had rendered the morning air very chilly, and I was not sorry to regain my hotel and creep into bed.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FROM the way they are catching and hanging lieutenants of the False Prophet in Egypt, the inference is that his army contains about as many officers to the private as does that of our own fair land.

In Plymouth, Connecticut, an excited elector deposited his butter bill in the ballot-box. After his mistake was discovered, he was permitted to vote again, and that ballot elected the representative in the Legislature from that district.

A woman of Marblehead, Massachusetts, fulfilled the conditions of an election wager by wheeling another woman through the streets and around the Town-hall in a wheelbarrow decorated with Chinese lanterns. Women who engage in that sort of folly are no more fit to vote than some men are.

The name of a noted Indian hunter is Merciless Ben, and it was given to him when he announced his determination ultimately to come East as a star actor.

A preacher claims to see "the cloven hoof" in the theatre. If he were to get nearer, he would smell the cloven breath too.

In a school recently opened at Philadelphia embalming is the only branch of study, and undertakers are the only pupils. The cheerful exercises comprise daily experiments with "subjects."

"Go East, young man, and buy a gin-mill," says a Chicago newspaper, after learning the callings of the successful candidates for aldermen in this city.

It is worthy of note that when a comet is visible in the Southern hemisphere, fewer stories of sea-serpents are brought up from the lower latitudes by captains of Dutch brigs arriving in port.

"Professor Virchow has in his Berlin laboratory a collection of six thousand skulls, which he prizes very highly." It would be a difficult matter, then, for any rival collector to get a head of him.

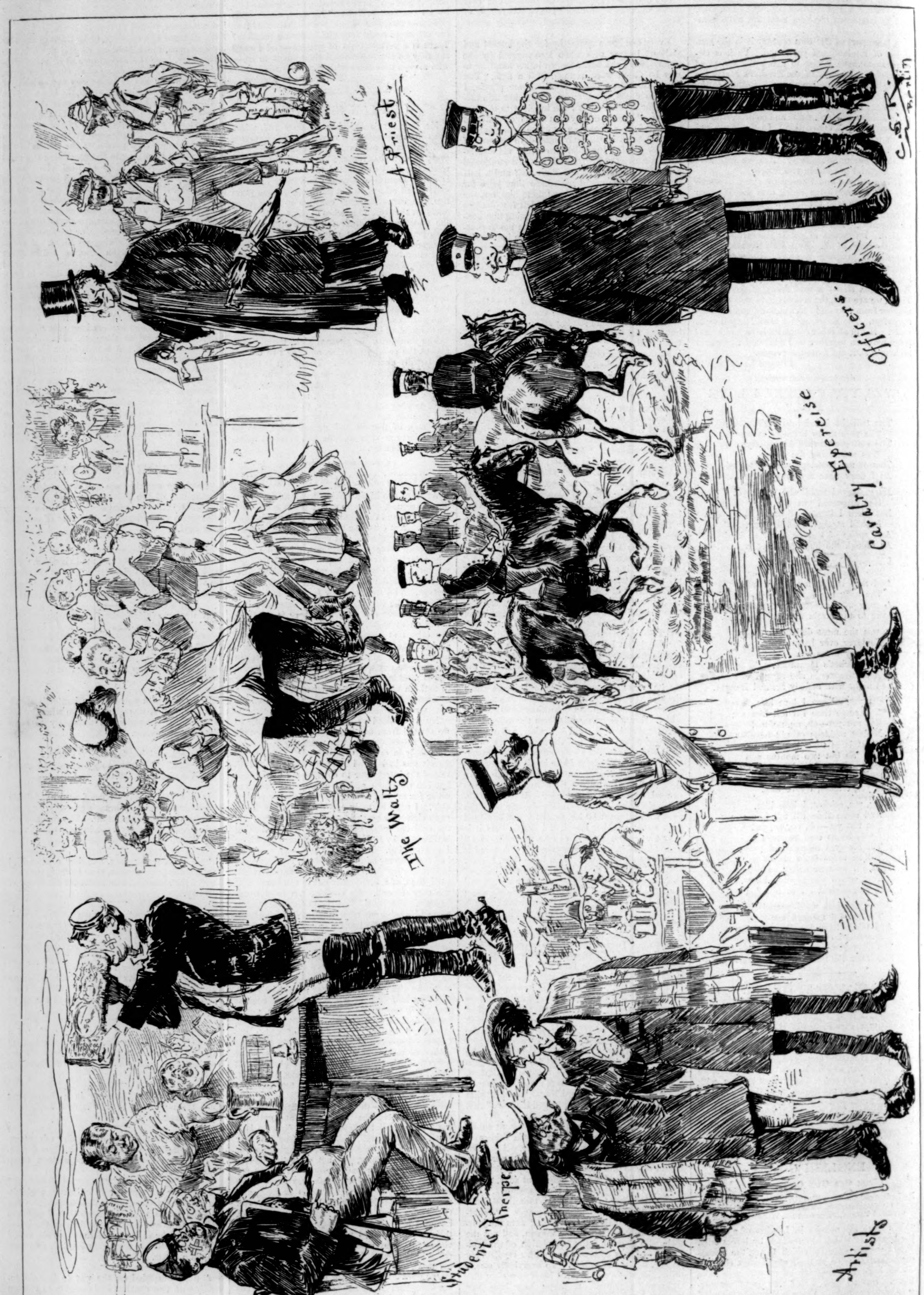
A man in Pennsylvania has just perfected a rat-trap in one end of which is a mirror instead of bait. He will now turn his genius to the invention of an equally valuable trap for catching male rats.

At a recent dancing party in a Connecticut town the music was evoked from a Jew's-harp and a harmonica.

Almost every place has its peculiar advantage. That of Pittsburgh is the facility it offers for observing the eclipses of the sun without using smoked glass.

Louisville is preparing an ordinance prohibiting peddlers from ringing door-bells. The impression seems to prevail there that if peddlers walk right in and hunt up the lady of the house themselves, she will save the time that she would otherwise devote to arranging her hair and putting on a collar.

A deputy-marshal on the way to Buffalo recently with two convicts had occasion to change cars. He took his prisoners into the railway station, but forgot them when he entered the other train. They obligingly telegraphed to him that they were left without visible means of support, and he returned for them. It is always well for somebody in the party to keep sober.



CHARACTER SKETCHES IN GERMANY.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 783.]

THE GREAT TETON RANGE, IDAHO.—From the Painting by T. Moran.—[See Page 783.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING ON THE SANDS.

The sands at Skegs Shore sounded a vague place of appointment, but Lucy did not think her sister-in-law would be difficult to discover. The visitors were few, and she was sure she would be able to recognize Miss Brake at once. It was the manner of making the appointment which troubled her a little, and rendered her not a little thoughtful. A hasty line on the back of a post card was not a graceful way of intimating a desire to see her, and there was scant evidence of affection—hardly of courtesy—in appointing an interview upon the sands, and at Miss Brake's own time and pleasure. Still, there was an earnest desire to see Morris's sister, and exchange, if possible, sympathy with her; she was as strangely drawn toward her as if a spell were working to bring about their meeting. By twelve o'clock the next day she was on the sands. It was a bright, breezy morning, and the few visitors in the place were scattered in little black dots along the low-lying coast, the juvenile portion of the community in the usual state of excitement which the possession of shovels and pails invariably creates.

Lucy had brought her little daughter with her; they were inseparable companions, two links of one life. To lose her would be to lose all hope in God's mercy, she had told her father passionately once, and her father had shaken his head, and said ill would come of such a rash assertion. He was not a superstitious man, but he feared the creating of an idol in his daughter's heart might be followed by the dashing of that idol to the ground. It had been God's decree so often. Little Morice was not a delicate girl, but harm might come to her in a hundred ways, and Lucy acted as if she were forever on guard against an unseen calamity threatening her child. Was there not some one living who had hated Morris Brake, and who might hate his little daughter? To Lucy's mind there were unseen dangers lurking at Skegs Shore, and it was no matter of wonderment that she should, to the best of her ability, be forever on guard against them.

When Lucy descended from the sandy path to the deeper sands of the coast she saw Miss Brake at once, and knew it was she. The two women in black, sitting on a thick shawl spread upon the sands, and looking straight at her as she and Morice advanced, were her sister-in-law and maid. Morris had often described his sister to her, and this woman with the face working and twitching with nervous excitement, and with her deep-set dark eyes fixed upon her steadily, was surely she.

"You are—Miss Brake, I think?" Lucy began, hesitatingly, and yet rapidly: "Hester Brake, of Boston—his sister?"

"Yes; but you are not Lucy—his widow?" was the quick reply.

"I am Lucy Brake."

It was noticed by the maid in attendance—dark-eyed like her mistress, only the eyes were large and lustrous—that Miss Brake put forth no hand of welcome, and that the voice was sharper than its wont. Lucy regarded her with some astonishment.

"This is my brother's little girl, then?" Miss Brake asked at once.

"Yes."

"What is her name?"

"Morice."

"That is a man's name, whether in French or English," said Miss Brake. "Why give it to the child?"

"My husband's name was Morris, and I liked the name," said Lucy, "and would keep it always in remembrance. It is a woman's name sometimes, I think."

"Sit down here by my side, and let me look at you closely. Do you know," she said, as Lucy followed her request, "that Morris never mentioned your name to me in all his life?"

"Did he not?" said Lucy, surprised.

"Not once in his poor short life."

"I wonder at that," said Lucy; "to me he used to speak of you so often."

"Did he tell you I was a fretful and disappointed woman?" she inquired; "an unjust being altogether?"

"Oh no! He said you were very kind and good, and anxious to do good to others."

"He was a bad judge of character," she answered, with a sigh, "and so knowing little of the world he was readily deceived, poor Morris. That child is like him. Do you see the resemblance, Kate?" she asked, turning to her companion.

"Yes, I think I do."

Lucy regarded the last speaker critically and wonderingly.

"Did you know my husband, then?" she asked.

"I have been your sister's maid for nearly six years, Mrs. Brake, and I saw her brother once or twice at Boston," was the answer.

"He never spoke of you that I remember," said the young widow.

"He was secretive always—fond of mystery, romance, false sentiment, poor fellow! This is my companion rather than my maid—Miss Vanch, a very trustworthy friend," added Miss Brake, by way of introduction, and the young women bowed to each other, and little Morice walked across to Kate, evidently preferring the young, fresh face to the sallow and lined countenance of the elder lady, and displayed to her in confidence a new pair of boots with which her mother had provided her that morning. Presently there was a merry laugh from Morice, and the mother called her to her own side quickly.

"You must sit still, Morice dear. Sit here by me," she said.

Little Morice complied with the request immediately.

"She is too young to sit still," remarked Miss Brake.

"Oh no, she is not," answered the mother.

"Let her run about the sands whilst we talk together for a while," suggested Miss Brake.

"No, no—thank you," answered the mother, "not alone. Morice never goes alone anywhere."

"Kate can take the child for a walk," said Miss Brake.

"She is accustomed to remain with me," was the reply. "She is used to sitting still."

"But she will come with me perhaps for this once," suggested the maid, "and if you do not mind, Mrs. Brake. I am very fond of children." Because she had never been a child herself, she might have added, almost with strict truth, poor Kitty.

But still Lucy Brake was singularly persistent.

"I would much prefer her remaining here, thank you," she said, putting her arm round the child's neck in order to keep her in her place, and restrain Morice's wish to scramble to her feet and accompany her new friend forthwith—she who had had no friends save the mother till that day.

"She can keep her in sight of us," suggested her sister-in-law, equally as persistent that little Morice should withdraw with Kitty, "and she will not hurt her in any way."

"I know—I know that," answered Lucy; "but—"

"But I wish it. I have something to say to you which we can discuss better alone."

"Very well," said Lucy, reluctantly. "Don't take her far, Miss Vanch. I should not like to lose sight of her for an instant. You see," she added, with a faint forced smile, as Kitty walked slowly away with the child, "I am a poor, weak-nerved woman to whom the shock of a husband's sudden death was like a second death itself—a death of every hope, until that child was born."

"Which was new hope to you then?" was the strange inquiry.

"Yes; a something for which I tried to live again. And if I lose her now—if she even loved me less, or loved others more—I should surely die at once," cried Lucy.

Miss Brake regarded her companion very closely; the suppressed excitement in herself seemed nothing by comparison with this beautiful young woman's. Here was a new study for her—possibly a new surprise.

"You are of a jealous temperament, are you not?" she asked.

"I don't know. I can't say."

"And seem very helpless, for one standing at the outset of life, and with life's happiness before her yet."

"Oh, no, no. Never before me."

"Yes, I say," replied the other. "You will marry again, and it is right you should."

"Then I prefer wrong to right," was the firm reply.

"Some women do, God help them," was the sharp answer, "but not Lucy Brake, I hope."

The voice was kinder and more sympathetic, and Lucy grew less afraid of her.

"What do you want to say to me," she asked, "and that Miss Vanch must not hear?"

"I have so many things to say—I hardly know where to begin," Miss Brake answered; "I would prefer to hear you talk awhile, so that in time—in a little time this morning, I mean—I may learn to understand you."

"Am I so hard to comprehend?"

"You are so young—so like a child yourself—so unlike the woman whom I expected to meet," was the reply.

"Indeed."

"I will be frank with you, Lucy," she said, and the young widow was pleased to be addressed by her Christian name, "but my idea was that Morris had married a woman older than himself, and had been inveigled into marriage."

"Oh, Miss Brake!"

"Such things have been, and Morris was a youth very weak and vain."

"He was all that was good and noble and generous; he had not an unselfish thought. Why do you speak so badly of him, and to me?" cried Lucy, indignantly now.

"I speak of his faults. He was no hero even in my estimation, though I loved him very much. At times I feared for him," she said, thoughtfully.

"I do not understand you," murmured Lucy, looking after her child now, and wondering why Kate Vanch did not turn instead of walking on and on away from her.

"I am not difficult to understand. I am simply a woman who has grown hard, and skeptical of human goodness," was the slow reply.

"And yet—"

"Yes, yes—and yet I am trusted, and there are people who love me. That girl you are looking after, for one."

"Why does she go so far away?" said Lucy.

"She is within sight. She—"

"There! they have turned at last. I was afraid they never would," cried Lucy, drawing a deep breath of relief.

"Kate Vanch gave you her word, I think."

"Ah! Miss Brake, like you, I have grown skeptical," said Lucy. "Pray forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Miss Brake, "unless it is the waste of time in idle discussion here. We are not business women, either of us."

"No," assented Lucy; "but I was not aware we had any business to discuss."

"Business!" she repeated, thoughtfully; "well, it may come to it presently. Did Morris, who spoke of me so much to you," she said, almost satirically, "ever tell you of his father and mother, and of his past life connected with them and me, and of why Mr. Woodhatch, of Farm Forlorn, took charge of him?"

Lucy shook her head. "No; Morris has told me little of his early life. We—"

"Talked only of yourselves," interrupted the elder woman. "Lovers can scarcely have a theme more appropriate and congenial, for love is terribly selfish. Is it not?"

The weak woman with the face prematurely aged spoke as though love had not been unfamiliar to her either, and spoke with increasing bitterness. One might have fancied love with her was synonymous with deceit, or she had seen so much deceit in it in others that it had appalled her for all time. A strange woman this—stranger than Lucy Brake had expected to find on the sands of Skegs Shore.

"Selfish? Ah! I suppose it is," Lucy answered, with a sigh, to the last question.

"And we are not here, you and I, to talk of love," continued Miss Brake, "but to try and make each other out if we can; and if we can not, to shrug our shoulders, and go our different ways. I don't think," she added, regarding Lucy attentively again, whilst her own face twitched with evident emotion, "that you could lie to me without my seeing you were lying, and I begin to have some faith in you, finding you a child-wife, child-widow, and almost as helpless as myself."

"I do not understand," said Lucy for the second time. "You talk in riddles—you send my child away from me—and you tell me nothing."

"You are impatient," said Miss Brake, "and that is as natural as that I should be loath to begin a subject very painful to us. Well, tell me this, before your child comes back with Kate"—and here a shaking hand was laid upon Lucy's arm—"who do you think, in your heart of hearts, killed my brother Morris?"

CHAPTER III.

DOUBTING.

Lucy uttered a low cry, which was quickly suppressed, although the color in her face did not return, and the long lashes quivered rapidly over the startled blue eyes. This had been one of the questions which she had prepared for, which she thought would in the hour of meeting be put to her, which she wondered had not been asked of her before by Hester Brake, and yet which had come at her like a stone from a sling.

"I have had so many thoughts and doubts," she answered at last, "but not any that have seemed like truth to me."

"You have some one in your mind who you think might have killed him?"

"No—not now."

"You have had?"

"Yes," she answered, with a shudder.

"Who was the first man whom you associated with this murder, Lucy?" was the eager question.

"Have you faith in first impressions?" asked Lucy.

"At times. I have found them carry out future truths," she answered back. "On whom did your first suspicion rest?"

"John Woodhatch," Lucy replied, in a faint voice.

"You—*you* thought so?"

"Yes."

"I could believe in others thinking so, not you," she said. "He had no motive to take Morris's life. Though he had been deceived in him, he loved him, he loved you!"

"You know, then—"

"What they say in Lincolnshire? Oh yes, very well," she added, scornfully.

"I knew I was very wrong, God help me!" said Lucy. "I did not know what I was doing when I associated that good man with so horrible a crime, and God forgive me for adding to his trouble by my cruel doubts of him!"

"They are all gone now?" was the inquiry.

"They are all gone," responded Lucy, confidently.

"That is well," said Hester Brake. "We can scarcely look into his face, or listen to his honest voice, without believing him—without believing in him implicitly," she said again, tracing some lines in the sand with her gloved hand.

Lucy glanced askance at her.

"You believe in him implicitly yourself?"

"I do," came the answer back. "What makes you think I doubt him?"

"I can not say. Your manner, perhaps."

"He is my best friend; he was Morris's; he would have been yours and his," she continued.

"Yes, I know that."

"And Morris must have been killed by some one who hated him, or thought a grievous wrong had been done to him. A woman might have killed him. You, for instance."

"I!—I kill my Morris, my poor dear lost Morris!"

"Women have killed men, have they not, and wives their husbands, before your time and mine? To me it has been all these years more like a woman's act than a man's, more stealthy and subtle than a man's would have been—more completely in the dark, leaving no trace—a clever woman's crime!"

"My God!" murmured Lucy to herself, "what a terrible thought to come to you!"

"You might have had wrongs; you might have found out that Morris was in the way; you might have been tired of him, quickly detested him. You might—" here she stopped and looked at Lucy—"but I did not guess you were a child like this. Forgive my want of charity, and let me think a moment more."

She looked up suddenly, and said: "I have said Morris was killed by some one who hated him, or thought a grievous wrong had been done to him by Morris. Your father, would he have killed him, do you think, in a fit of passion, discovering him with you that night, and believing Morris was a villain?"

"My father?—my father, did you say?"

"Yes; I have suspected him too."

"My father!" repeated Lucy, very slowly.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASTER'S ORDERS.

Lucy Brake slowly recoiled with terror from the side of her companion; she sat back now with her two hands buried in the sand, which she was grasping nervously. This was a terrible woman who had come to Skegs Shore. Looking at her, she forgot for an instant even that her child was away from her.

"My father!" she said at last. "*Did* I hear aright? You did say my father?"

"Yes," was the response, "I said your father."

"You must be very mad, madam, or you must have come here on purpose to insult me. Do you know my father?" she cried, with sudden impetuosity. "Have you ever seen him in your life?"

"I know your father. I have met him many times."

"And yet you think he might have killed my husband?" she exclaimed. "Oh, you must mean some one else, madam; you can not imagine how good, and just, and holy a man he is," she cried.

"A man holy!" answered Miss Brake; "that is an extravagant encomium, of which no man is deserving. Why should I not suspect him? Tell him that I do."

"Why?"

"You suspected a better man in John Woodhatch," she said—"a man who acts, not preaches."

"I did him an injustice, and have acknowledged it," replied Lucy.

"To him?"

"Yes, to him."

"He will be grateful to you, poor John," said Miss Brake. "It will be a little light upon his life."

Lucy did not reply. The color had flickered on her cheek for an instant, and then she had looked round for Morice in a frightened manner, and thought of nothing more till she had caught a glimpse of her again, leaping and laughing by the side of Kitty Vanch, and evidently in high spirits with her new protector.

"I—I think I will leave you now," she said.

"Before I have explained everything?" replied the other.

"Oh, madam, you have explained sufficiently," said Lucy, her lips quivering with indignation. "You are here to set a daughter against her father—to sow, if it were by any possibility in your power, which it is not, the seeds of a terrible suspicion in her mind. And I will not listen further to you."

"You judge too quickly," said Miss Brake, very calmly now, regarding Lucy very intently, as a study which was as difficult for her to comprehend as her character was difficult for Lucy to decipher; "you act too quickly. You and Morris were very much alike, and so, alas! were unsuited to each other. I have spoken out what was in my mind—why should I disguise it?"

"For the daughter's sake you might have spared me," said Lucy, rising to her feet.

"It was as well to show you that other people besides yourself have strange ideas as to how Morris Brake met his death, and that ideas may vary as to him who killed him. I may be as wrong as you were in my suspicions. Possibly I am. I am a poor visionary at the best, but your dead husband rises before me like a ghost, and warns me."

"Horrible! horrible!" said Lucy, shivering. "Let me get away from you. You have no right to wound me in this manner, and after all these years of silence to seek me out for such a cruel purpose."

"My poor headstrong girl, I have not sought you out for any purpose at all, and it is not for your sake I am here. But being here," she added, "I thought I would like to see what kind of woman Morris had made his wife."

"You have seen me," said Lucy, still almost defiantly, "and now good-day."

"Five years ago I did not visit this place," Miss Brake continued. "I did not know my brother was married till I read it in the newspapers, along with the news of his death. Why should I have come to you now? You have expressed no wish to see me, and a cold letter from your father, saying and thinking nothing of *my* sorrow—which was identical with your own, and may be a deeper sorrow now—was the only recognition of my poor existence. Before my strength was able to bring me here Morris was buried. Why should I seek out one who has helped to deceive me?"

"By marrying Morris, you mean?"

"Yes."

"It was a secret for a while between us," answered Lucy. "I am not called upon, I hope, at this late hour, to apologize for it to his sister."

"No. I do not require an apology, and I have not wished to know you," said Miss Brake. "I have felt myself your enemy rather than your friend."

"I can imagine so," replied Lucy.

"But an enemy who speaks out."

"Yes," said Lucy, with another shudder she was unable to repress, "you are terribly outspoken."

"But I could have told you more," was the slow comment here.

"Of my Morris—of my lost darling—you could!" exclaimed Lucy, very eagerly again.

"Yes, a great deal more. Perhaps I may some day when we are better friends."

"I can never be your friend now, Miss Brake. I can not believe yet you are Morris's sister," exclaimed Lucy.

"Very likely," was the reply. "I have been

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

a woman with much to brood upon, like you, and have gone distraught, as women will under circumstances akin to yours and mine. Now I am sane—and you, at least, I do not doubt."

"Why should you have suspected me?" asked Lucy, wonderingly. "You said you had once a doubt of me—his wife."

"Ask me a few months hence, and I will tell you, if you have not guessed it for yourself by that time," she replied.

"I can see you no more," cried the young woman, as she began to move away from her. "You sent for me to crush me utterly."

"I am here against my will—I did not wish to come."

"What brings you to Skegs Shore, then?" asked Lucy, pausing again.

"My orders. The master wished it."

"Who is the master?"

"This man approaching, and for whom I have been waiting. I think you know him, Lucy Brake," she said.

Lucy looked in the direction which her sister-in-law had indicated, and coming toward them with quick sharp strides across the sands, like a man in hot haste to greet a friend or confute an adversary, was the master of Farm Forlorn.

"His orders!" exclaimed Lucy.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN WOODHATCH'S EXPLANATIONS.

JOHN WOODHATCH had now reached the ladies, and raised his hat to them. He shook hands with them immediately afterward, regarding Lucy with evident surprise, and with his old grave interest.

"I did not expect to find you here, Lucy," he said. "You have met at last, then, you two?"

"Yes, we have met and exchanged confidences," said Hester Brake, quietly; "and at present, John, we dislike each other very much."

John Woodhatch smiled.

"Oh, you will get over that," he said. "You should have known each other years ago—five years ago," he added, as a shade passed over his face. "But there, you have met, and made your little niece's acquaintance too, Miss Brake."

"Yes."

John Woodhatch turned to Lucy again.

"I met Morice with Miss Vanch," he remarked. "They are very good friends already."

"I am going to fetch Morice," said Lucy.

"I will come with you part of the way, if you will allow me," said the farmer. "I shall not be long, Miss Brake," he added.

"I am in no hurry," replied the elder woman.

"I am taking you away," said the younger one; "this is an appointment."

John Woodhatch did not answer, but when Lucy moved in the direction of Kitty and her child—who were advancing in the distance—he walked on by her side, with his hands behind him, and his ebony cane clutched tightly in them, as we saw him first, one August day, looking at the reformatory from which he had taken Master Dorward. Five years had made no perceptible difference in John Woodhatch, save, perhaps, to add a few more gray hairs to his head; he was the same stalwart, bronzed, earnest-looking man at forty-five as he had been at forty, and his step was as free and firm as that of men twenty years his junior. There might have been a shade more depth of gravity in the expression on his face that morning, but it was natural enough, considering many things. It had not been holiday ground which he had traversed during the last five years, though he had borne the burden and heat of the day without flinching at his task.

"I wish to speak to you for a few moments, Lucy, now that you have met Morris's sister," he said. "You do not mind my walking with you for a little while—I shall not be in the way too much?"

"Oh no. I am always glad to see you."

"Thank you," he answered, humbly; "it is kind to say so. And now—you do not like Hester Brake?"

"I can not bear her," was the frank answer back.

"You will like her in time."

"Never—I am sure."

"*He* liked her very much, and was a kind brother to her."

"Yes," answered Lucy, pensively, "that was likely. He was kind to everybody."

"And," he added, "she is certainly a good woman. Will you take my word for that?"

"I will try and take it—presently. Oh, John," she exclaimed, "what do you think she told me?"

"I can guess—don't repeat it, Lucy. It will only excite and distress you."

"How can you guess?" she asked, curiously.

"She is a woman of wild theories as to the motive for her brother's death, and she has told you some of them. Let them rest, Lucy," he added, earnestly, "for your sake. If you will—for mine."

"Very well," assented Lucy; "but you, knowing what she thinks of me and of my father, must not ask me to like Hester Brake."

"I am going to ask you to live with her—that's all."

"John Woodhatch, you must be as mad as she is!" exclaimed Lucy, very cordially, and with considerable warmth. "Live with that ungenerous woman!—it would be easier for me to die."

"You are allied by marriage—she is your husband's sister. It is more than likely there will be property falling to your share and hers," he continued, gravely, summing up the position, "and she will be alone and want a friend."

Lucy regarded him with grave astonishment.

"Property?"

"Yes, I think so," he replied; "but of that she will speak herself. You will have many opportunities for discussion on the subject."

"Not with her," said Lucy, shivering. "I have told her already I will see her no more."

"How can you help it?" asked John Woodhatch; "she has made up her mind to live at Skegs Shore."

"To live here!"

"Yes. She has disposed of her house at Boston already."

"To live at Skegs Shore?" Lucy repeated. "At your commands, then, John, not of her own free-will, I am very sure of that."

John Woodhatch looked surprised, in his turn, as he gazed down earnestly at the young face flushed with animation—bright with anger, and very fair to see. The troubles of five years had not dimmed the remarkable beauty of his companion, rather had added a new charm of thoughtfulness to her, and at two-and-twenty years of age she was a fairer woman than when Morris Brake had married her.

"Why do you say at my commands?" he asked. "Has it ever appeared to you that my wishes were considered law by any one? Have you not seen, with the rest of them, how every hope of mine drops from the tree, a withered leaf at best?"

Lucy looked down; then said in a lower voice,

"She told me she was here against her will, and by the master's orders."

"Am I—the master?"

"Yes, she says as much as that."

He walked on a few paces more in silence, as if considering deeply the motive of the avowal, and in what way it affected him; then he said,

"I am no more her master than I am master of myself."

"Have you not asked her to come, then?" said Lucy. "Pardon me, old friend, if I am pertinacious, perhaps suspicious; but she said at your orders she was here."

"She may call them orders if it pleases her," he answered; "it was necessary she should come for a while, and I said so."

"Ah! you speak, like her, in riddles," cried Lucy; "you are not as frank and open with me as you used to be."

"There, you are angry," he said, smiling now, "and I am an aggravating fellow in your estimation. And yet I have forced myself upon your company to tell you, first of all, a secret."

"Connected with the coming of that woman?"

"Connected with the coming of Hester Brake and her companion—"

"Miss Vanch?"

"Yes."

"Well. What is it, John?" she inquired. "You see I have all my woman's curiosity left still."

"Yes—or you wouldn't be a woman," he added, dryly.

"And the secret?"

"Which you will keep, of course?"

"Yes—I promise. There."

"Miss Vanch has come to Skegs Shore to be married."

"Indeed."

"She is engaged to a friend of yours."

"Who can it be?" said Lucy, wonderingly.

"One whom you have often said has grown out of all knowledge of his past, and is my model pupil, a credit to my teaching and my influence over him, and so forth," he said, speaking very hurriedly.

"Mr. Dorward!—Greg!" was the exclamation here, and Lucy's eyes grew rounder and larger with astonishment.

"Yes, Gregory Dorward," he replied. "I thought I should surprise you."

"Gregory—Dorward! Yes," she said, drawing one long deep breath before becoming like her usual self, "I am surprised indeed. How long have they known each other?"

"Oh! I don't know exactly. They have been engaged twelve months, at all events," replied John Woodhatch: "long enough to wait for each other, and not to get tired of each other."

"They are very young to marry—" And then Lucy remembered her own early dash at matrimony, and was discreetly silent as to that part of the question.

"If they know their own minds, and have made up their minds, I don't think that youth has much to do with it—rather an advantage than otherwise, I suppose," he added, like a man who had outlived youth so completely that he did not understand now its hopes and fears, its dreams and realities, its ambitions and its disappointments, its bright outlook over the land of love and faith and happiness.

"I only glanced at Miss Vanch once or twice," said Lucy, "but I should not have thought—I should scarcely have thought," she said, correcting herself a little, "that she was quite suitable for Gregory."

"Why not?"

"She is older, is she not?"

"By a month or two, not more."

"Both twenty-one, then?"

"That is about it, I should say," replied John Woodhatch.

"I should have thought," she said again, "that Greg might have done better than marry Miss Brake's maid, companion, or whatever she may call herself. He is so clever in his way, so shrewd and observant and quick, even so gentlemanly, I might say. He seems about the last man to be in a hurry to take a wife. Ah! you don't like my criticism; you are frowning at it."

"Am I?" he said, with a quick laugh; "that is because I am of a different opinion, and I don't like my opinions disturbed by other folk. The old failing of mine—an insufferable conceit, child. Don't mind it."

"Besides—"

"Here we will not discuss the question any further," he said, interrupting her. "If they love each other, what is the use of argument? And what will they care for our comments upon the case?"

"It is a true love story, then," said the young widow; "quite a romance, and," she added, with a sigh, "ending happily as romances should. Why, you are frowning again."

"I was wondering at the end of it a little. Who can say what that shall be?"

"Don't you believe in the strength of their affection, or in its endurance?" she asked, looking hard at the master of Farm Forlorn.

"You shall see what true love is for yourself, Lucy. Here is Kate Vanch and little Morice."

CHAPTER VI.

KITTY'S ENGAGEMENT.

KATE VANCH and Lucy's child were very close upon them now, and Morice, catching sight of her mother, and having had for the time enough of her new friend, let go Kitty's hand and ran toward her.

"Mamma, mamma, what a time they have kept you away!" she cried, with all the ingratitude of her sex.

"She was beginning to fret for you," explained Kate. "I am glad you have come half-way to meet us, Mrs. Brake."

"She is nervous, like her mother, I am afraid. It is my one fear," she said to John Woodhatch, by way of explanation.

"Don't fear anything," he answered, gruffly; "she is a brave, strong child enough. You should let her come to Farm Forlorn for a few weeks, Lucy. Eh, Morice, how will that do?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I should like to!" cried the child.

"No, no; I couldn't part with her," said the mother.

"Come with her, and bring your father too, as in the old days."

"Presently—presently," she replied, with a faint smile—"when I have the courage again. For I want to see the farm very much. It was like home to me once—when Morris was alive."

"Ah, yes—exactly. Kitty," said John Woodhatch, very quickly now, "I have taken the liberty of telling Mrs. Brake of your engagement to our friend Greg. You will not object to my forestalling you with this important news."

She smiled and shook her head, whilst the color mounted rapidly into her face.

"Is it so great a secret?" she asked.

"Mrs. Brake did not know of it till just now."

"Indeed!" answered Kitty.

She looked askance at Mrs. Brake, as if in doubt how the news might have affected the young widow, and wondered very much at the intentness of her gaze. It was a steady, searching gaze, which even embarrassed Kitty a little, and she turned from her to John Woodhatch with a quick, appealing look.

"I have told her the engagement is about a year old, and that you love each other very much," said Woodhatch, as if in answer to her glance, or in explanation—or as if, Lucy thought suspiciously again, to put her on her guard. "That is right, I hope?"

"I hope so, sir—I hope so," was the rapid answer.

"Gregory has kept his engagement very much of a secret from us all," said Lucy.

"That is very natural," responded Kitty Vanch. "I have not mentioned it to any one except Mrs. Brake. I—I think it was understood it was to be a secret for a while, Mr. Woodhatch? Was it not?"

She looked at John Woodhatch as if she were in doubt herself, but open to correction.

"Yes. We did not want all Skegs Shore to talk of this before its time," John answered.

Lucy could say nothing against keeping an engagement secret, but there was still an air of doubt, almost of bewilderment, upon her face, which John Woodhatch could not account for, and which perplexed him in his turn.

"And when is the happy event to come off, Miss Vanch?" asked Lucy, after an awkward pause.

"In a few weeks," John Woodhatch answered for her.

"So soon!"

"And you will not be sorry, I suppose?" asked Woodhatch.

"Sorry?" exclaimed Kitty, frankly—"oh no."

"You love Greg very much. You have not repented of saying yes to his proposals," Woodhatch said, jestingly; but it was heavy and unnatural jesting, Lucy thought.

"God knows I shall be very, very happy," was the fearless answer, "and I hope God will give me power to make him very happy too."

"You love him so deeply, then?" inquired Lucy.

"With all my heart. I would die for him, if he asked me. Is that love deep enough, madam?" she answered, almost passionately; "is that how you ladies born love your sweethearts, I wonder?"

Yes, Lucy Brake had no longer any doubt in her mind of the depth of Kitty Vanch's affection, which startled her by its fervor, its outspokenness. It was a face strangely mobile, and swayed by every varying emotion, into which Lucy looked. She was amazed at the animation which colored it, brightened and gave life to it; at the shadow which passed across it again, and then was followed by new light and hope again. An extraordinary young woman this, excitable and impulsive, but evidently fond of Gregory Dorward.

"Well, I hope you and Gregory will be very happy together," said Lucy; "you have my best wishes. And may your love and happiness last longer than mine did, is all the harm I wish you both."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brake. I will tell Greg that, if I may?" she said.

"Yes; tell him that," answered Lucy Brake; then she extended her hand to Kitty, wished her good-morning, shook hands with John Woodhatch, wished him good-morning also, and went upon her way. She walked homeward at almost a swift rate of progression, and the look of perplexity upon her face did not die away as she proceeded. Kitty Vanch's straightforward and unflinching explanation of the state of her feelings had convinced her of the young woman's love; but it was none the less impressed upon her that she was hardly fit for Greg; that there was an unsuitability about the match impossible to explain, and yet remarkably evident to the widow. Who was this Kitty Vanch? where had she come from, to rise up like a ghost in this way, and to be companion, even friend, of the bitter-tongued woman whom she had left upon the sands? Were there new mysteries cropping up around her at Skegs Shore? and in the strange folk whom she was meeting on her path in life were there to follow now strange actions and conceits, perhaps terrible mistakes?

She walked on rapidly, with Morice trotting by her side, and asking a hundred questions, to which the young mother did not reply by scarcely a single word. There was one grim fact before her, she believed, and it was not easy to face or to comprehend. Let her make haste home and think it over, and take her father into her confidence, if it were necessary, and she thought it might be necessary very soon.

What a deal she had to tell him! What a deal had happened since she had left him sitting in the sunshine that morning!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT FAIR.

THE National Bazar, Art and Industrial Exposition undertaken to raise funds for a monument to the late President GARFIELD, to be situated in Washington city—an enterprise under the auspices of the Army of the Cumberland—was formally opened in the Rotunda of the Capitol by President ARTHUR on Saturday, November 25.

None of the many large fairs and bazars which have at various times occurred in Washington have ever rivalled this in importance, whether in the scope of the exhibition, the quality of the exhibits, the space covered, or the length of time the fair has been open.

The two nearest approaches to it in the Capitol Building were the bazar for the benefit of the Garfield Memorial Hospital on May 6th ult., and the Martha Washington Tea Party, also given in the Rotunda, in December, 1874, to raise funds for the Ladies' Committee of the District of Columbia for a suitable display at the International Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia.

Each of these was for one night only, while the Garfield Monument Bazar covered a period of seven days and evenings. If it had been possible to secure the Rotunda of the Capitol for a greater length of time, it would have been far more successful pecuniarily, as great expense was necessarily incurred for fixtures and decorations. But the meeting of Congress on December 4 compelled the removal of all articles from the Capitol on the 3d.

The opening ceremonies were as few and simple as possible. President ARTHUR, having accepted an invitation to open the fair, was escorted to the Rotunda at two o'clock by Mr. JOHN W. THOMPSON, of the Board of Directors of the Fair. The Rev. Mr. POWER, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, who was President GARFIELD's pastor, accompanied the President, and they were followed by the members of the cabinet, the justices of the United States Supreme Court and Court of Claims, nearly all the foreign ministers and secretaries of their legations, the General of the Army and staff in full-dress uniform, the Admiral of the Navy in uniform, Chief-Signal Officer HAZEN in uniform, Speaker KEIFER, and many members of the two Houses of Congress, and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

The President and Mr. POWER were escorted to a low carpeted platform in front of the main entrance to the Rotunda on the east, the Marine Band, which was stationed in a handsomely decorated music-shell just outside this door, on the portico, playing "Hail to the Chief" as the procession entered and those mentioned took their places. The justices, army officers, and diplomatic corps were grouped to the right of the platform, while the gentlemen of the two Houses of Congress stood nearly in front of it, near the pagoda covering the centre of the Rotunda. This last, which is a very ornamental structure, so perfectly bronzed as to take metallic hues, stands exactly over the spot where President GARFIELD's coffin rested in September, 1881.

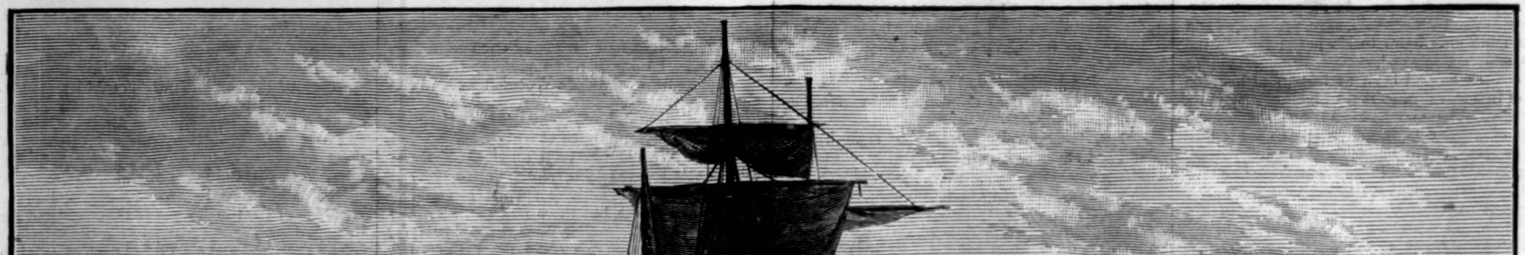
This was draped below the roof with curtains of the prevailing hue used in the Rotunda—dark wine-color. Smilax also festooned the pagoda, and potted plants were grouped within. In the centre was placed, on a pedestal draped like the exterior, a marble bust of President GARFIELD. The permanent pictures in the Rotunda being boarded over and covered with dark red, many fine paintings loaned for the occasion were displayed on them.

Such was the impressive and beautiful scene in which the opening ceremonies took place. After prayer by the chaplain, the band played "The Star-spangled Banner," and then the President, in one of the brief well-worded speeches in which he excels, declared the Fair open, and commended it and its object to the generous and patriotic.

Although there were many exhibits in the annex to the Agricultural Department, of course the greatest interest has centred in the exhibition within the walls of the Capitol. The Rotunda and old Hall of Representatives were the chief places, but various other parts of the building were also used, notably the crypt immediately below the Rotunda, where many merchants of the District of Columbia made a most creditable display.

We have not space to describe the various booths, or the arrangement of the articles displayed in them and around on the walls. Suffice to say that everything was done in excellent taste. Nevertheless, the Fair was not a success in a pecuniary sense.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT FAIR, WASHINGTON, D. C.—IN THE ROTUNDA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 787.]



AN OLD WHALER HOVE DOWN FOR REPAIRS, NEAR NEW BEDFORD.—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 789.]

REDUCE TAXATION.

SMOKY OLD RYE. "I come *first*, in this case."

A DYING INDUSTRY.

THE old whaler which our artist has represented "hove down" at the dock in New Bedford is literally a veteran of the seas. It is a peculiarity of the whaler that the longer it is in service, and the more campaigns it has gone through, the stronger and more enduring it becomes, up to that limit which even whalers have to acknowledge. Soaked, if not in the blood, in the oil of the victims of its contests, its timbers become practically proof against decay, and there are vessels now in use which have outlasted nearly two generations of sailors, and have entered on the second half-century of their existence. The whaling vessels, though of comparatively light measurement, averaging less than two hundred and fifty tons, and seldom exceeding twice that tonnage, are built exceedingly strong. They have to make long voyages, those engaged in the pursuit of the sperm-whale remaining out usually three and often four years. Those that go into the arctic regions, whether in the Northern or Southern Pacific, and particularly in the former, have to encounter the crushing force of the ice-fields, which often close in upon them and destroy them.

The stanch ship whose yard-arms point skyward in the drawing of our artist, like many another veteran, represents departed glories. A hundred years ago New Bedford came forward to contest the palm in whale-fishing with Nantucket, into which port alone, previous to that time, the sperm-whales were brought. The whale fishery, however, had then for nearly a century already been a source of profit and fame to the hardy New-Englanders. For a while the whales had come down annually in great schools to the shores of Massachusetts, and boats had put out from shore to capture them. It was in this school, as well as in the coasting trade and the limited foreign trade permitted to the colonies by the mother country, that had been trained the plucky and adventurous seamen who had made a reputation for the American fleet in the Revolutionary struggles out of all proportion to its extent or strength. They knew not what fear was, and taking all risks at all times, frequently accomplished by sheer audacity what a regular navy would never have even undertaken. Under the new impulse to all sorts of adventurous activity which the American people received after their successful insurrection, the whale fishery of Massachusetts, and of New Bedford especially, was rapidly extended. It was seriously checked by the war of 1812, but soon revived, and for the generation succeeding 1820 it attained proportions very remarkable for that time. By the opening of the decade before the civil war two-thirds of the whaling industry of the United States, and a considerable share of that of the world, was carried on from the port of New Bedford. In the season of 1853-4, 410 whalers belonging to that port were on the seas, with a tonnage of 132,966 tons, and they brought home 45,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 119,000 barrels of whale-oil, and 2,839,000 pounds of whalebone, or "baleen," as it is known in the trade. But then came evil times. Whale-oil for light was replaced by gas, and later by kerosene. Spermaceti, which had given the material for the higher grade of candles, yielded to paraffine and stearine. Whalebone, which had been used in countless ways where an elastic and tough substance was needed, gave place to steel and rubber, and the disappearance of the "hair-cloth" covering for furniture still further diminished the demand. Whales themselves, moreover, were becoming scarce under the relentless chase of the Dutch, the English, and, above all, the insatiable Yankees. To cap the climax, the *Shenandoah* and other Confederate cruisers, let loose from British ports during the rebellion, sailed the southern seas, destroying considerable numbers of whalers, and rendering the cost and risk of the failing trade so great that many more were withdrawn.

Twenty years after the date above cited, in 1873, New Bedford's 410 whalers had sunk to 128, and its 133,000 tons to a little over 35,000. Only 31,000 barrels of sperm-oil were brought in, and a still smaller proportion of whale-oil, while the whalebone shrank from nearly 3,000,000 pounds to a scant 150,000 pounds. Capital and enterprise sought other and more profitable channels, and while the whale fishery is still followed with energy and daring by a comparatively few vessels, it lives now rather in the traditions of the past than in the present.

Every man on board a whaler, from the captain to the sailor before the mast, had an interest in the earnings of the ship, which was called his "lay." The crew of the ship was divided into boats' crews, each member of which had his appointed place and duty, and when the signal was given from the mast-head that a whale was in sight, each crew strained every nerve to reach it first. The typical weapon of attack was the harpoon, which was thrown by hand from the bow of the attacking boat, and great skill was acquired in its use. When the harpoon had been launched, especially at a giant "sperm," the danger to the crew was immediate and great, for not only would the victim lash the seas to foam with his powerful tail, and seek to crush the boats between his mighty jaws, but often

a whole "school," his or her companions, would rush to the rescue.

In these conflicts not only have boats' crews been destroyed, but ships have been sunk. These perils, and the lesser but varied ones encountered in the pursuit of the "right"-whale, are now faced by comparatively few, and the stout whaler on whose oil-soaked sides the calkers in our drawing are at work will sail its next voyage in relative solitude in the Northern or Southern seas, and its owners and crew will be thankful if it return them a modest recompense for their money and their labors.

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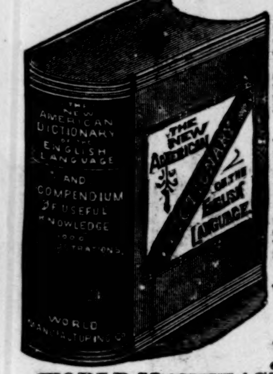

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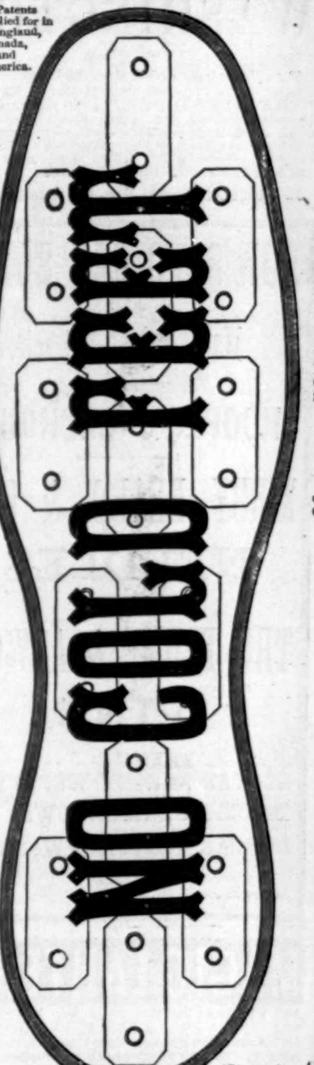

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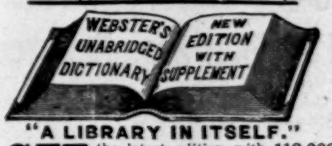

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